

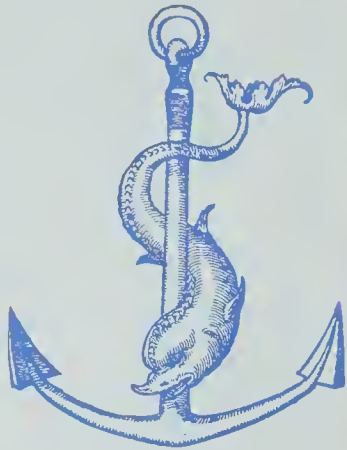


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THE LAND KATIE'S DAUGHTER

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS

PICTURES AND PAINTERS

OF THE

ENGLISH SCHOOL

WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE MOST CELEBRATED
DECEASED PAINTERS FROM THE TIME OF
HOGARTH TO THE PRESENT DAY.

FROM THE TEXT

OF

W. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FORTY STEEL ENGRAVINGS

NEW YORK

A. W. LOVERING, IMPORTER

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

	PAINTER.	ENGRAVER.
THE HIGHLAND KEEPER'S DAUGHTER, . . .	<i>R. Ansdell, R. A.,</i>	<i>G. Greathead.</i>
THE PEDLAR,	<i>F. Burr,</i>	<i>C. West.</i>
THE FOX AND HOUNDS,	<i>R. W. Buss,</i>	<i>W. Wellstood.</i>
ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER,	<i>Sir A. W. Calcott,</i>	<i>E. G. Dannel</i>
MISSED IT,	<i>A. E. Chalon, R. A.,</i>	<i>A. L. Dick.</i>
SELLING THE PET LAMB,	<i>Wm. Collins,</i>	<i>A. L. Dick.</i>
THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL,	<i>Wm. Dyce, R. A.,</i>	<i>R. Wells.</i>
THE MITHERLESS BAIRN,	<i>Thomas Faed, R. A.,</i>	<i>J. Reed.</i>
HAPPY DAYS,	<i>Birket Foster,</i>	<i>John West.</i>
A DREAM OF THE FUTURE,	<i>Frith, Creswick & Ansdell,</i> . .	<i>J. Smith.</i>
THE CROSSING SWEEPER,	<i>W. P. Frith, R. A.,</i>	<i>H. Cousin.</i>
PHŒBE MAYFLOWER,	<i>R. Gavin, A. R. S. A.,</i>	<i>H. Gray.</i>
THE SWING,	<i>R. Goodall,</i>	<i>C. Robb.</i>
SHAKSPEARE BEFORE SIR THOMAS LUCY, . .	<i>George Harrey, R. A.,</i>	<i>A. L. Dick.</i>
THE BIRD-CATCHERS,	<i>W. Hemsley,</i>	<i>E. C. Brand.</i>
ELOPEMENT OF BIANCA CAPELLO,	<i>J. R. Herbert,</i>	<i>E. G. Dannel.</i>
THE INN-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER,	<i>Jno. F. Herring,</i>	<i>W. Wells.</i>
A PASSING CLOUD,	<i>J. C. Hook, R. A.,</i>	<i>J. Wells.</i>
THE PET OF THE COMMON,	<i>J. C. Horsley, A. R. A.,</i>	<i>M. Lemon.</i>
JEANIE MORRISON,	<i>J. A. Houston,</i>	<i>A. Hume.</i>
THE BROKEN WINDOW,	<i>W. H. Knight,</i>	<i>J. Sharpe.</i>
MATHEMATICAL ABSTRACTION,	<i>Theodore Lane,</i>	<i>A. L. Dick.</i>
THE FIRST BREAK IN THE FAMILY,	<i>James E. Lauder,</i>	<i>R. Palmer.</i>

SIR RICHARD DE COVERLY AT CHURCH, . . .	<i>C. R. Leslie,</i>	<i>A. L. Dick.</i>
THE GRAVE DIGGERS,	<i>H. Liversegge,</i>	<i>E. Hobart.</i>
CROMWELL AND HIS DAUGHTER,	<i>Charles Lucy, R. A.,</i>	<i>Jas. Heath.</i>
PREPARING MOSES FOR THE FAIR,	<i>D. Maclise, R. A.,</i>	<i>R. Jones.</i>
THE BLIND PIPER,	<i>J. Naysmith,</i>	<i>E. Jog.</i>
THE LOVE-TIFF,	<i>G. S. Newton, R. A.,</i>	<i>A. Lavey.</i>
THE SLAVE AND HER SLAVE	<i>J. A. D. Ingres</i>	<i>W. H. Mote.</i>
SPANISH BEAUTIES,	<i>J. Phillip,</i>	<i>A. L. Dick.</i>
A REST ON THE HILL,	<i>F. R. Pickersgill, R. A.,</i>	<i>L. Ridgway.</i>
ACCIDENT OR DESIGN,	<i>G. Pope,</i>	<i>J. Sharpe.</i>
EXTERIOR GALLERY OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE,	<i>David Roberts, R. A.,</i>	<i>E. Doo.</i>
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT,	<i>A. Solomon,</i>	<i>J. Rae.</i>
THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER,	<i>F. P. Stephanoff,</i>	<i>W. Wellstood.</i>
"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO."	<i>Frank Stone,</i>	<i>A. R. West.</i>
A KING'S DAUGHTER,	<i>E. W. M. Ward, R. A.,</i>	<i>Jno. Wells.</i>
THE CONVALESCENT,	<i>T. Webster, R. A.,</i>	<i>A. L. Dick.</i>
THE FIRST EAR-RING,	<i>Sir David Wilkie, R. A.,</i>	<i>A. L. Dick.</i>

INTRODUCTION.

ART IN ENGLAND BEFORE HOGARTH.



HERE can be little doubt that the late birth of pictorial art in England is to a great extent accounted for by the simple, broad facts of English history. Those unfortunate Wars of the Roses which have already so heavy a burden to bear, must yet be taxed with this additional weight, that they effectually postponed the possibility of such development. Not so much, however, we think, by decimating and impoverishing the old aristocracy, who might have been its patrons, as by retarding the general education and the growth of the national taste.

We have now a school of English Art, so original in many of its features, and so national in its peculiarities, and the love of pictures has grown so rapidly of late years amongst all classes, that those who are ignorant of the history of Art in England would not think that a century and a half ago it was still nothing but an exotic amongst us; but such undoubtedly it was. Not only was it an exotic, but only one species of it had been acclimatized; for, before Hogarth, portrait-painting was the only branch of pictorial art that can in any way be said to have existed in England, let alone flourished. And this fact is noteworthy, for though portrait-painting may be raised into a high region of Art, yet it is quite possible that a nation with little or no knowledge of or love for art may have its houses filled with works of art of the portrait class. This phenomenon was literally true of England, and is to some extent even now, for our general artistic taste is still low. However, we do not think that national vanity, as has been said, is the only cause of our encouragement of portrait-painting. To do ourselves justice, if Englishmen as a body like to see themselves painted, they like still more to see the portraits of their wives, their families, and their friends.

The history of our country would be quite sufficient to account for portrait-painting being the chiefly patronized form of art in England, on

the supposition that it was a mere foreign importation. Painting would therefore be introduced merely because it was fashionable, or because the select few were cultivated to understand and like what was not inherent in their nature, as they might learn other languages, their own and foreign manners and customs. Introduced like tea, tobacco, or carps, it would naturally depend on the taste of the nation whether the fashion developed into a general habit. Fashion and cultivation had, no doubt, much, if not all to do with the first encouragement given to arts in this country. Besides the universal desire to possess likenesses of themselves and their families, portrait as well as other painting was patronised because it was the fashion. A court painter in the time of Henry the Eighth was as necessary as a court fool. The magnificent Henry desired everything that would increase and illustrate his importance; and very fortunate was he to secure the services of so competent and excellent an artist as Holbein, whose great genius could not help making its influence felt in all cultivated minds. Distinguished alike for masterly drawing and fine colour, this artist would have been enough, one would have thought, to found a school wherever he settled. But in England the influence of his genius dwindled away through a few imitators and left no sign. Of Sir Antonio More, in the reign of Mary, (many of whose fine paintings were accessible to the public in the Exhibitions of National Portraits at South Kensington,) the same may be said. In the time of Elizabeth, we have for the first time English artists of some reputation, Hilliard, and Isaac Oliver the miniaturist, but still nothing beyond portrait-painting. It is strange that in this reign, with its grand and beautiful poetical and dramatic literature, and with the national love of nature, which is so visible throughout it, no one should have arisen to attempt to portray with the pencil what poets painted with the pen. It is hard to believe that at this time there was no one whose feeling for nature was not strong enough, in spite of the want of encouragement, to endeavour pictorial expression; but if there was he achieved no fame. Portraits, and nothing but portraits. This critical period having passed without producing an original artist, we are not surprised at finding that no one arose till the end of the seventeenth century; we are only surprised that one should arise at that time of all others.

We have not space even to name the various foreign artists who came to England during the reigns of the Stuarts. Grand men, though, many of them, Vansomer, Jansen, Mytens, Rubens, Vandyke:—men who, almost unequalled in their line of art, have (with the exception of Reynolds and Gainsborough) no rival in the school of England.

Charles the First is said to have had a fine taste for art, and he undoubtedly collected a fine gallery of pictures; but the unhappy events of his reign soon not only dispersed his pictures, but destroyed whatever germs of art may have been sown in England by his patronage. Dobson is a name which, however, must not be forgotten in the list of English artists before Hogarth. He painted some excellent portraits in the style of Rubens and Vandyke.

With the restoration of Charles the Second came in, among other French importations, the taste for art, as we see it displayed in the works of Sir Peter Lely, Kneller, Verrio and Laguerre, with all the absurdities of sham nature, sham arcadianism, sham classicalism, sham allegory. Before this reign the fount of art in England, if nearly dry, was tolerably pure. Now it was poisoned: and fine painter as Sir Peter Lely was, and, to a less extent, Sir Godfrey Kneller also, we may be thankful that their art did not take deep root. Even the inanity of Hudson was a better starting-point for English portrait-painting than the splendid falsehood of either of those his more talented predecessors.

The House of Hanover seems to have put a wet blanket over the smouldering fires of exotic art. The portrait painters of George the First's reign, Jervas and Richardson, seem to have begun *de novo*, and progressed but little way. Sir James Thornhill, in his time a great man, attempted great things, and succeeded as well as might have been expected from one who covered staircases and ceilings at so much the square yard,—in a style which was a mixture of Kneller and Verrio, with, in St. Paul's cathedral, the slightest possible dash of the Raphael cartoons, which great works he had not genius enough to copy satisfactorily. With him the influence of imported artists, though not of imported taste, may be said to have died.

We cannot wonder that the most cultivated men of that time did not believe in the power of England to produce an original artist. Everything seemed to have been tried to induce the growth of art in England. From time immemorial our land had spread its beauties of scenery before the nation's eyes, generations of beautiful and noble women had passed and gone away, for centuries our noble cathedrals and minsters and churches had stood like poet's dreams in stone, for one and all to see, sown broadcast throughout the country, English literature of the highest class offered noble suggestions for artistic minds, and lastly much good art had been imported; the artistic taste of Britain had been stimulated with Holbein, Vansomer, Rubens, and Vandyke, and inoculated by Lely and Kneller; but our art was not to be stimulated by foreign example, the inoculation would not take, and all permanent beauties, natural, architectural and poetical, had failed to rouse an Englishman to sufficient enthusiasm to attempt their imitation by pictorial art.

As if to prove a paradox, and to show that, in spite of all, English art was a spontaneous growth, just when English love for nature seemed at its lowest ebb, when exotic art was flickering in its socket, if it had not expired, when even architecture, especially the most national form of it, viz., domestic, had reached the depth of tastelessness, men were born in England who were destined to become the founders of a truly national and original school.

How this should be we do not pretend to be philosophical enough to determine, but we are inclined to believe that from this time dated our distinctly national art of all kinds. Art literature was a splendid "renais-

sance" rather than a normal growth. Chaucer, thorough Englishman as he was, gained much of his inspiration from Italian and Latin models; even our splendid poetical literature of Queen Elizabeth's reign can scarcely be called purely aboriginal; the poets and wits of the Restoration were decidedly French rather than English in spirit. It is true that the soil of literature had been so assiduously cultivated that it had borne more fruit, but it could scarcely show any produce that could be called absolutely native, even to the close of the seventeenth century. But then distinctly national works, English both in spirit, subject, and execution, began to appear. Fielding, Swift, Smollett and Richardson, had arisen, and the outburst of purely native literature was followed by a similar outburst of purely native pictorial art.

If these suggestions are based in truth, their theory is well carried out by the fact of Hogarth's appearance as our first national painter. He is to painting what the great humorists are to literature. He was the first to abandon foreign models and foreign spirit, and to look to nature as the true source of art, and, like the literary men we have mentioned, he painted men as they were, rather than men as they should be, the human inhabitants of the earth, rather than the face of inanimate nature, fact rather than poetry. After him, English art had a firm ground under its feet; a test to try itself by, an example of fundamental truth, which it could not help doing right in following. After him, English art began to look to nature, and to learn that all art was base that was not founded on her. But yet, though this is true, not alone to Hogarth must be the glory of it. The great fact seems to have occurred consciously or unconsciously to all of our first great painters, and indeed without this they could never have become great, or the founders of a National School of Art.

THIS great genius, without rival or imitator in the history of the world, was born on the 10th of December, 1697, in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great. He came from the north, and his family was an old one—the Hogarts or Hogards of Kirkby Thore, Westmoreland.

It is difficult in Hogarth's case, where so little is known of his ancestry, to trace the natural development of a great social satirist out of a race of country farmers. We might imagine hereditary love for the beauties of scenery accumulating and distilling through generations till it provoked the birth of a poet, but scarcely that of a genius whose power lay peculiarly in observing and remembering the effect of passion on physiognomy, and in masterly selection and arrangement of typical incidents of folly and vice.

His father was a schoolmaster and writer. The artist, in writing of his father, says that he lived chiefly by his pen, and that the cruel treatment he received from booksellers and printers made him (the son) resolve not to trust to learning for a living; or in his own words, "I had before my eyes the precarious situation of men of classical education; it was therefore conformable to my own wishes that I was taken from school, and served a long apprenticeship to a silver-plate engraver."

This engraver was Ellis Gamble, of Cranbourne Street; and valuable enough in future years was the early precision attained by Hogarth with the graver. Even to the last much of the silver-plate engraver is left in Hogarth's plates, particularly in the peculiar incisive line, going direct to its aim, swelling at will, and ending firmly, like a heraldic flourish. But he was not long content with the prospects held out of success in the silver-graving craft. Before he was out of his apprenticeship, to be a copper-plate engraver was the utmost ambition of his life.

Like so many boys who do *not* turn out to be geniuses, Hogarth had covered his exercises at school with drawings; and there can be little doubt that all through his apprenticeship his talents and genius were growing.

His life, apart from his art, had little that was stirring or romantic except his marriage in 1729. At this time he was only known as a clever satirical engraver, and he dared to make a clandestine marriage with Jane, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, M.P. (his own master at the Academy in St. Martin's Lane), Sergeant Painter to the king, the great professor of high art, who covered the ceilings of Greenwich Hospital and the dome of St. Paul's at so much a square yard. Sir James, though mightily angered at first, as how should he not be, was reconciled after two years. The prints of the series of the "Harlot's Progress," made their appearance in 1734. The series was commenced in 1731, showing that it took no little time to mature the great work. It had a great success; 1200 subscribers put their names down for the set; the story was turned into a pantomime, and a ballad opera. He published his "Analysis of Beauty;" he procured an Act for recognizing a legal copyright in designs and engravings; he was made Sergeant Painter to the king; he had a foolish fight (with pen and pencil) against Wilkes and Churchill (two against one, and two of the least scrupulous of men against one of the honestest); and finally, on the 26th of October, 1764, he died, and was buried in Chiswick Churchyard.

RICHARD WILSON came of an old Montgomeryshire family, and was the son of a clergyman. He was born on the 1st of August, 1713, at Pinegos. Few are the facts known about his life. The usual stories about early precocity are not wanting; and it is said that as a child he would trace figures and animals, with a burnt stick, upon the walls of the house. His talent was perceived by Sir George Wynn, a relation by his mother's side, who took him to London, and placed him under a portrait-painter named Wright, of whom history is dumb.

In 1749 he, "by his own savings and the aid of his friends," was enabled to go to Italy, and he remained six years at Rome. Abroad he met Zuccarelli, afterwards, if not then, a famous landscape-painter; and one morning as he was beguiling the time by attempting a landscape from his window, Zuccarelli was struck with the sketch and prophesied success if he turned his talents in that direction. Zuccarelli's opinion was confirmed

by Vernet, who on seeing a newly-finished landscape of Wilson's, was so delighted, that he offered to exchange it for one of his best pictures—an offer gladly accepted. Nor did Vernet's generosity stop there, for he exhibited it in his room; and "when his own productions happened to be praised or purchased by English travellers" he used to say, "Don't talk of my landscapes alone, when your own countryman, Wilson, paints so beautifully." In consequence of these opinions, and, no doubt, with a growing consciousness of his peculiar powers, Wilson relinquished portrait-painting for landscape. Wilson had the misfortune of choosing a line of art which was eminently unsuited to gain popularity in England at that time, perhaps at any time. The general taste for art was low.

Not either able to make his way by his pictures, or to make a way for them by his address, which was probably not over-courteous even in his happier days, he sunk into dire poverty, and when at last fortune turned, (not by increase of popularity but by a legacy of a small estate in Wales, which was left him by a brother,) he had but few days and feeble health wherewith to enjoy it. But for the post of librarian to the Royal Academy, this fine painter might possibly have died of starvation, long before the turn came; as it was he died in what for him was prosperity, loved and respected by all who dwelt around him. The place of his death was Llanverris, and the date May, 1782.

"GIVE Tom a holiday." The Reverend Humphrey Burroughs, master of the Grammar School, looked at the slip of paper which the boy held out to him. There was no deception. Those were the firm commercial characters of his relation, the worthy clothier and crape-maker; and error was not to be thought of. Yet for all that the words were forgeries, and no doubt master Thomas Gainsborough congratulated himself highly on the excellence of his contrivance as he rambled off with his sketch-book under his arm deep into the Sudbury woods, whose oaks and elms he had often copied. At first sight the strict mercantile probity of Mr. Gainsborough *père* might well sigh over this fatal facility of the son who contrived so cleverly to procure his "absence without leave." "Tom will one day be hanged," he exclaimed, with genuine paternal prescience. His opinion was, however, somewhat modified by the numerous drawings brought back in the evening by the truant forger. His after judgment was—"Tom will be a genius."

And a genius he was. He never attained to the elevation of the gallows, but contented himself with being the rival of Reynolds, and at least the second of the great portrait-painters of the English school.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS, was born at Plymouth, Devonshire, in 1723: the son of a clergyman who was also the master of Plympton Grammar School—a man of good parts, but rather versatile than deep. By his parents the boy was destined to the medical profession; and to this end received a fair education which served him well in after days.

About this time the celebrated Mr. Hudson came to visit Bideford. By the mediation of a friend it was arranged that Joshua should receive the tuition of that illustrious artist; and be boarded, lodged, and instructed for four years. He entered Hudson's house "very sensible of his happiness in being under such a master, in such a city, and in such an employment."

After an apprenticeship of two years and some months, in the studio of Hudson, he parted from his master, in consequence, possibly, of some dispute, and set up for himself in Devonport. Here he painted portraits, many of which are still preserved in the neighbourhood. Even at this period his style was far superior to Hudson's, whose defects he possessed only in a minor degree. Something of this is perhaps to be attributed to the precepts of an indolent hand-to-mouth Bohemian—William Gandy of Exeter, whom he knew at this time. A saying of his that "a painting should always have a richness in its texture as if the colours had been composed of cream and cheese" is often quoted in description of Reynolds' later manner.

In 1747 he returned to London. In 1749, by the kindness of Commodore Keppel, he was enabled to compass his great desire, and go to Rome. His first impressions of Raphael and Michael Angelo, it is well known, were not satisfactory. But he was too wise to believe that this was his superiority and not his misfortune. Already he had found out his impulse and range. One of his earliest efforts on his return from Rome was a portrait of Commodore Keppel, which established his reputation. From that time commissions crowded upon him, and his life was almost an unbroken success. "Reynolds is without a rival," writes Johnson to Baretti, nine years afterwards. "Reynolds gets six thousand a-year," he tells him in a subsequent letter.

There was little change or diversity in his future life. Beyond his election as President of the Royal Academy in 1768, when he was knighted, and when he composed his celebrated Discourses, there is hardly a noteworthy incident in it. "*Pinxit*" is its story. He painted with unflagging industry, perseverance, and enthusiasm until his sight failed him in 1789. On the evening of February 23, 1792, he died. He was never married. Fair Angelica Kauffmann, says rumour, was not indifferent to him, but it has not recorded any return upon his side.

GEORGE MORLAND was born on the 26th of June, 1763, the son of an unsuccessful artist of fifty-two. His precocity seems to have excelled even that of Lawrence. It is said he drew well at four years old, and at ten he gained reputation by sketches exhibited at the Royal Academy. At fourteen he was articled to his father, who seems to have shut him up and forced his talent, we will hope with the intention of improving him in his art, but it is asserted that his father's object was partly mercenary, and that then and until he was nineteen he was used as a family sketching machine to produce money, and allowed little or no liberty and exercise.

At nineteen he was let loose on the world,—an animal with nothing to support himself with, or to cling to the skirts of humanity by, but a talent for painting. Art, like beauty, though capable of being employed to the noblest ends, is also capable of being degraded to the very lowest. The lowest to which they can both be degraded is the mere object of obtaining money. To this the genius of Morland was prostituted almost from the commencement. He soon found men, or more probably men soon found him, who were only too willing to supply him with means for indulging in coarse pleasures (the only ones which he had learned to love,) in return for his pictures. In the house of one of these men he lived until his proprietor had extracted from his genius sufficient pictures to make an exhibition by themselves, “to which the price of admittance was half-a-crown.”

Twice, for a short time during his short life did he escape from this and similar miserable thralldom. Once a lady found him employment in taking miniature portraits, but he soon rebelled against the trammels of prudence, and went back to his wallow in the mire. Again, he fell in love with a sister of his friend William Ward, the mezzotint engraver, whom he married in 1786; but after his marriage he soon relapsed, never to get out again from the slough.

As it was for the advantage of his numerous creditors that he should be at large, he was not arrested till 1799, though the fear of arrest hung over his head all his life. In 1802 he was released under the Insolvent Debtors' Act. But now his health and heart were broken; and, in 1804, being again arrested for a publican's score, he drank an enormous quantity of spirits and died, after eight days of delirium, in the forty-second year of his age. His wife died four days afterwards.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY was born at Boston, in July 1737; his father was English and his mother Irish. He established a reputation in Boston as a portrait-painter, and sent several of his works across the water to the Royal Academy in London, where they drew attention. But not content with the limited field of Boston, and thirsting for a sight of the master-pieces of Europe, he, after a correspondence with West on the subject, left Boston in 1774, for London. Thence he went to the Continent, and returned to England at the latter end of 1775, when West introduced him to the Academy. In 1777 he was elected an Associate, and in 1783 a full Academician.

He was content to paint the usual portraits or portrait-compositions till 1778, when an event occurred of some importance in English history. In this year William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, in the middle of a speech opposing the taxation of the American Colonies fell senseless in the House of Lords. This subject was one eminently calculated to attract a portrait-painter who was born in America, and afforded a fine opportunity for him to advance his standard into the domain of history. The fine work which Copley produced is too well known to need comment here.

He exhibited it by itself, and obtained a wide fame amongst all classes. The picture was engraved by Bartolozzi, and 2500 copies of the engraving are said to have been sold in a few weeks.

The victory of Major Pierson over the French troops who had invaded Jersey, and forced the Lieutenant Governor to sign a capitulation was another success of Copley's. Major Pierson was unfortunately shot in the moment of victory. Of his death, and the instant way in which it was avenged by his black servant, Copley made a picture which is the finest of his works which we have seen.

Perhaps, not the least important work of which he was the *author* (to borrow a joke from Hood) was his son Lord Lyndhurst.

ALTHOUGH the sun of West's glory has set, and is not likely to rise again; although no future generation will, we trust, again favorably contrast his works with those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, we should be sorry to touch either upon his works or his life in a manner unfitted to the pure aims of the former, or the calm dignity of the latter. If he was not a great genius, he at least had great talent; and if he was not a master of Art, he at least did her good service in his day.

Benjamin West was born of Quakers in Pennsylvania, on October 10th, 1738, the youngest of a family of ten. Surely no circumstances of birth could have been less likely to conduce to the production of an artist. The New World was in very truth a new world then, and little cultivated in the arts, without leisure of thought to give to them, without examples to be imitated, and without patrons to encourage. The pilgrim fathers would probably have cast the grain of Art overboard, even if some one of them had thoughtlessly carried such perilous seed on board the "May-flower." Added to all this, the Quakers, in the very midst of whom young Benjamin was born, were perhaps by their principles of all sects the most antagonistic to Art. The giants' feat of squeezing water out of a stone seems nothing in comparison with the miracle of squeezing an artist out of the Society of Quakers in Pennsylvania in the middle of the last century.

When seven years old, we are told, he sketched in red and black ink his baby-niece, as she smiled in her sleep in the garden, and produced a likeness instantly and joyfully recognized by his mother. The use of two colours will, however we fear, prove too much for the credulity of most in this faithless age. But further wonders are still related. Like the familiar princes and princesses of fairyland, who imbibe royal feelings and the rudiments of political art from the milk of a she-bear; or like Jason, taught by the wise old Centaur; West's first lessons in Art were received from savage inhabitants of the woods. As Allan Cunningham says, "the future president of the British Academy taking lessons in painting and archery from a tribe of Cherokees might be a subject worthy of the pencil." There would, however, we fear, be some difficulty in representing the "subject" in one picture, unless our young hero was depicted with two pair of hands.

After a short interlude as a soldier, his mother dying, he went to Philadelphia; and, then eighteen years old, set up as a portrait-painter. Then he went to New York, and had so much success that, with the aid of fifty pounds from a generous merchant named Kelly, he was able to proceed to Rome. He remained in Italy three years, making friends and reputation everywhere. Parma, Florence, and Bologna elected him a member of their Academies. Indeed, from first to last, his career seems to have been so wonderfully full of success, that if we wonder at the reputation he enjoyed we cannot be surprised that he should have thought it deserved.

On his arrival in England, in 1763, he was received by friends of no mean influence, whose acquaintance he had made in Italy; and, after a little time, seeing his way to fame, he determined to stop in the old country. The only objection to this resolve was the fact of his engagement or attachment to a young lady, named Elizabeth Shewell, whom he had left in America; but this was judiciously met by the young lady coming over to him, thereafter to be a faithful wife for fifty years.

In 1792, on the death of Reynolds, he was elected President of the Royal Academy; a position which, except during the short interregnum of Wyatt, he held to his death, in March 1820.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born on the 4th of May, 1769, at Bristol. He was the son of Thomas Lawrence, who, the son of a clergyman and educated for the law, had gradually descended the scale of life till he found a resting-place as an innkeeper. The youngest of a family of sixteen children, (most of whom died in infancy,) eminently beautiful, with a talent for reciting passages from the poets, and an unexampled genius for taking likenesses, the boy was the idol of his father and the pet of the visitors of the "Black Bear," Devizes, whither the family removed in 1772. Devizes being on the high road to the fashionable city of Bath, the "Black Bear" was the resting-place of great people from London and Oxford, who went away charmed with the talents of the wonderful child, and spread his reputation wherever they went.

At the age of five we find him a standing dish at the hostelry of his father, who would produce him to his customers (sometimes intrusively), and give them the choice of hearing him repeat Milton or take their likenesses. At this age he drew the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. (afterwards Lord and Lady) Kenyon, being seated for the purpose on a chair on the table. Having produced a striking likeness of the gentleman in about half-an-hour, he was asked if he could draw the lady. "Yes that I can," was the reply, "if she will turn her side to me, for her face is not straight." So the lady (whose face was *not* straight) turned her side to the young artist, who drew her profile about half life-size, and delicately shaded. It is said that this portrait was easily recognisable twenty-five years afterwards. Instead of judiciously training his son's precocious talents the father is said

to have refused an offer to send him to Rome to study, saying that they "required no cultivation."

In 1779, when young Thomas was ten years old, the family was obliged to move to Oxford where the extraordinary child reaped a small harvest by taking portraits of the Dons.

Lawrence came to London with his father in 1787, and was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, where his great beauty and his skill in drawing excited a great sensation among the students, who thought that "nothing less than a young Raphael had dropped among them." He was soon introduced to the great Sir Joshua, who was very kind to him, and allowed him to come to his house as often as he wished.

Everything seems to have conspired to force his talents. Before he was a student, but in the same year as he was admitted, he exhibited seven pictures in the Royal Academy. His fame reached the palace, and an attempt was made to elect him an associate before he had nearly reached the required age. This was in 1790, and though the attempt was unsuccessful, in the next year, against all rule, he was elected a "supplemental" associate. In 1792 Sir Joshua Reynolds died, and the king (George III.) appointed Lawrence his successor as painter in ordinary; the Dilettante Society, setting aside one of their most important rules in his favour, elected him a member of their body and their painter at the same time. When in February, 1794, Lawrence, not then twenty-five years of age, was elected an Academician, he had already reached the summit of his profession.

Thence, till his death on 7th January, 1830, he enjoyed an undeclining reputation, and indeed if we allow his previous reputation to be a just one, he deserved that it should not decline, for he painted some of his best pictures in this time.

With all his faults, however, Lawrence was a wonderful painter, and most of his weaknesses may be traced to his early training. His drawing was superior to that of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and for a painter of "Court and Fashion" he is perhaps without a rival.

THOMAS STOTHARD was born in London on the 17th of August, 1775. He seems to have drawn his first feeling for art from pictures and engravings rather than nature, but he had no regular art-training. He soon, however, began to copy and to make designs. "I had no examples," he says; "literature may be taught by words, art must come through signs." He was a delicate boy, and was sent into Yorkshire to school, and afterwards to Ilford. In 1770, his father died, and he and his mother took up their residence at Stepney Green. Stothard was apprenticed to the trade of drawing patterns for brocaded silks, but after five years the fashion for this silk began to decline, and he had much leisure on his hands, which he employed in making designs from Spenser and Homer. One day, Mr. Harrison, the editor of the "Novelist's Magazine," saw some sketches of his at the house of his employer (the widow of the draftsman of patterns),

in Spital Square, and was so struck by them that he gave the apprentice employment almost immediately, paying him a guinea a piece for his drawings. From 1780 to 1783 he was employed much in book-illustration. For the "Novelist's Magazine" he executed 148 sketches, beside about a hundred others, mostly frontispieces and vignettes. For the three years' work he appears to have received £223. 11s. 6d., the price per drawing varying from two guineas to six shillings. As early as 1778 he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and continued to exhibit there till 1832, missing, however, eleven in the course of that period of forty-six years. In 1791 he was elected Associate, was raised to full Academical honours in 1794, and in 1813 was made Librarian. He was employed by the Marquis of Exeter in 1799, during three subsequent summers, in painting the staircase at Burleigh with colossal designs of War, Intemperance, and the descent of Orpheus into Hell; he likewise painted some wall-pictures for Buckingham Palace and for Colonel Johnes of Hafod, and decorated the ceiling of the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh. His aid was called in to make a design for a transparency for the temporary Temple of Concord erected in Hyde Park on the occasion of the National Jubilee in 1814. At this time he painted his "Canterbury Pilgrims" and designed the Wellington Shield. He married a Miss Watkins, by whom he had eleven children, five of whom died in infancy. He was a friend of Flaxman; and also, until their quarrel, of Blake, who engraved many of his early works; and he died at his house in Newman Street, on April the 27th, 1834, in his seventy-ninth year.

GILBERT STUART NEWTON, was like West and Copley, American-born. At Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 2d September, 1794, his mother, sister to Gilbert Stuart, a celebrated American portrait-painter, and wife of a Civil Service officer of the British Government, gave birth to him. From the fact that Newton was named so exclusively and inclusively after his uncle, there is, we think, some reason to believe that this uncle was not only loved, but looked up to by the family, and though we cannot say that it was he who inspired, either by example or precept, his nephew to become an artist, his existence is sufficient to account for the fact of the nephew's ambition and talent. Probably, for we are in the dark here, the profession of an artist was not considered desirable for him by his parents, for we find that he was first destined to a commercial life. At nine years of age he lost his father, and his mother retired to Charleston with her brother, Gilbert Stuart; Charleston, that is, near Boston, not the famous city of South Carolina. At Boston was young Gilbert brought up, but his artistic proclivities appear to have been too strong to allow of his developing into a full blown merchant, for in 1817 one of his elder brothers, himself in a commercial way, took him to Italy, and left him at Florence for the purpose of studying the works of the great masters.

The first friendship which he made was that of Leslie, whom he met in

Paris, whither he proceeded after a stay of some months at Florence. With Leslie a truer American than Newton, though born in England, he travelled through Holland, and with him he arrived in England. Both young men with similar talents, similar aspirations, similar traditions—they in their tour cemented a friendship which was to last till death. Leslie introduced Newton to Washington Irving, and the three soon formed a trio which was inseparable. Newton, who went by the name of “the childe” amongst his friends, is described as at this time of a wild, frolicking disposition, and disinclined to settle to work, and it is probable that he was not a very attentive or assiduous student at the schools of the Royal Academy, and that to carelessness in study may be attributed in a great measure the weakness of his drawing. To complete matters, he was in love, and madly in love. Who the lady was we do not know, but she lived in Sloane Street. In 1820 Irving writes, “Newton is busy with a brush in each hand, and his hair standing on end, turning Anne’s portraits into likenesses of Mary Queen of Scots, General Washington, and the Lord knows who.” “The Sloane Street Goddess,” though worshipped for some years with such enthusiasm, does not seem to have blessed her votary with more than smiles, if with these; or to have granted his prayers, if he had any.

In 1821 Newton made his first distinct mark as an artist. In this year he exhibited two portraits at the Royal Academy, and two subject-pictures at the British Institution. The latter were named “Forsaken,” and “Lovers’ Quarrels,” and about the same time he painted a successful picture called “The Importunate Author.” For this last picture Newton is said to have had an excellent model, a man of the name of Coxe, a poet, who was always pursuing his weary friends, manuscript in hand. A good story of his excessive importunity is told by Wilkie; and Leslie, say Messrs. Redgrave, states that the gentleman voluntarily sat to Newton for his picture. If this be so, he affords a rare instance of quaint humour. Perhaps his conscience moved him to pity for the unfortunate victims of his importunity, and he was desirous of expiating his offence by yielding himself as a sacrifice to their mirth, but it is very seldom that a bore likes to be laughed at.

As a love scene was the prologue to his short play upon the stage of Art, so a love scene was to be the epilogue. Truer, in fact, to his early associations than was to be predicted from this youthful disclaimer of American nationality, he went back to America for a wife, and he found her, and strange to say, he found his ideal face, the face which occurs in so many of his pictures—his “Grisette,” his “Portia,” his “English Girl.” So striking was her likeness to the Bride of his Art that his friends thought he must have known his wife long ago, ere he left Boston. But this was not so, he had seen her, but only in dreams, he had touched her lips, but only with a paint brush.

However this may have been, he found his beauty, and he married

her, and then—sad sequel to this poetical perfection of artistic happiness—he went mad. Symptoms of insanity showed themselves while he was in America, and shortly after his return to England with his bride they developed so strongly that he had to be put under restraint, and he died of rapid consumption in a lunatic asylum on the 5th of August, 1835.

JOHN CONSTABLE came of a Yorkshire family, who had “migrated south” to Suffolk two generations before he was born. His father was a well-to-do miller, who lived in a house built by himself at East Bergholt. John was his second son, and when he was born, on the 11th of June, 1776 he was thought so weakly that he was not expected to live, and so was baptized on the same day.

He went to three schools, but was not distinguished for anything but his penmanship, learning “little Latin and less *French*.” At sixteen or seventeen, however, he was devotedly fond of painting, and found a sympathising friend in one Dunthorne, a plumber and glazier, with whom he used to go on sketching excursions. But his father had no intention that he should become an artist, and wished him to go into the Church, but afterwards changing his mind determined to make a miller of him. So he *was* a miller, and such a good-looking one that he went by the name of the “*handsome* miller,” in the neighbourhood. But his love for painting did not flag, and he was fortunate enough to be introduced to the great Sir George Beaumont, whose mother lived at Dedham, who showed him the beautiful Claude (“The Annunciation,” of the National Gallery), which Sir George, they say, used to travel about with in his carriage, and which was like a revelation to Constable.

In 1795 he came to London with the intention of becoming an artist, but in 1797 he went back again to the mill. In 1799 he left the mill again, and for the last time. In this year he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and in 1802 he exhibited his first pictures.

He seems, though a hard worker, to have met with little or no success for many years, and 1811 found him still without reputation, except amongst a few friends, some of whom were Sir George Beaumont, Reinagle, Bishop Fisher, and Miss Mary Bicknell. With this young lady he was sadly in love; and hopelessly, it seemed, for her father forbad him the house, being urged thereto by his wife’s father, the Rev. Dr. Rhudde, the rector of Bergholt; who did not, we presume, think a miller’s son (a mere artist, and an unsuccessful one) entitled to sue for the hand of the daughter of the Solicitor to the Admiralty, and the grand-daughter of a Doctor of Divinity. Miss Mary Bicknell was a good daughter, and would not think of marrying against her father’s wishes, but she wrote and told him so, and then he wrote, and then she wrote again, and so on for five years, till at last, though she was such a good daughter, she found that she could not remain single against her dear John’s wishes, and so they married each other one day when nobody expected it, and were in due course forgiven by

the Solicitor to the Admiralty, though not by the Doctor of Divinity. We are glad to say, however, that this grim grandfather relented at last, and to her surprise left his erring grandchild £4000.

On the whole, few people have so fulfilled their aim in art as Constable did. His aim was to be a *natural* painter, and he achieved it. He saw nature and loved her, and painted her, as she was, loving her greenness more than her grandeur, and her cloudiness more than her glory, and evidently thinking her

“When unadorn’d, adorn’d the most.”

Constable died on the 30th of March, 1837. His pictures are now very valuable. Posterity has, as he expected, recognized his extraordinary merit; his country has learnt to be proud of him, and it seems difficult to believe that the Royal Academy allowed such an artist as he to reach his fifty-third year before they raised him to full membership of their body.

DAVID WILKIE was the third son of a simple Scotch minister, and was born on the 18th of November, 1785, in the village of Cults, in the country of Fife. Like so many other artists, he evinced, we are told from his earliest childhood a decided predilection for drawing, and began to scratch figures on the floor of the manse almost as soon as he could crawl over it. His reputation for portraiture, indeed, soon became so well established, that when at the age of seven he was sent to school in the neighbouring village of Pitlessie, he was enabled to drive bargains with his bare-footed schoolfellows, making them pay for his portraits with a “pencil, a marble, or a pen.”

The good minister at Cults was “not a little troubled” when he found that his young son loved painting better than Latin and arithmetic, and did all in his power to wean him from what he considered a most unprofitable pursuit. But it was all of no use; the boy wandered about the fields and lanes of Cults, storing his mind and his sketch-book with scenes for future pictures,—“gazing on the changing lines of the sky, or the varying shades of the wood, and on the passing traveller, particularly when a soldier in ‘old red rags,’ or a gipsy wife with her horn spoon and kettles and asses, came to diversify the road,” and gaining by this means a knowledge that he could not acquire from the schoolmaster at Kettle, to whom he had been sent to be taught, if possible, something more useful than drawing heads upon slates.

At last, finding his son’s heart was entirely set upon becoming a painter, the father wisely gave in to his choice, and determined to do what he could to give him the education necessary for that purpose. Accordingly, in 1799, when Wilkie was only fourteen years of age, he sent him up to Edinburgh to seek admission into the Trustees’ Academy. The drawings, however, that Wilkie took with him as a specimen of his powers,

were not considered, by the secretary of that institution, to possess sufficient merit to entitle him to partake of the privileges it offered, and it was only through the intervention of the Earl of Leven that he finally gained an entrance into the Scotch School of Art. There he studied diligently for five years, learning the technicalities of painting from his master, John Graham, and having for his fellow-students in art, such men as William Allan, and John Burnet (afterwards the appreciative engraver of his pictures).

In 1804 Wilkie left Edinburgh, and returned to the Manse at Cults, where he painted his first picture of importance, namely, that known by the title of "Pitlessie Fair." In it he depicted most of the worthies of his native village, giving great offence to one of these, by stealing his portrait whilst he was asleep in church. For variety of incident, and appreciation of character, this, his first picture, is considered by many critics to be comparable to several of his more celebrated later works.

But Scotland at this time did not offer much encouragement to a struggling young artist, and although his picture of "Pitlessie Fair" brought him a little local reputation, David Wilkie soon found that if he desired to make his art remunerative, he must seek a wider field for his labours.

On the 20th of May, therefore (1805), he left Scotland to seek his fortune in London.

When the picture of the "Village Politicians" was exhibited in the Academy of 1806, there was such a crowd round it on the first day, that, as Haydon relates, "there was no getting in sideways or edgeways."

From this time of the exhibition of the Village Politicians, in 1806, until his death, 1841, he scarcely missed one year (except during the time he was abroad, and suffering so greatly in health that he was unable to paint), sending a picture, and generally more than one, to the Royal Academy. His journal is but one long record of unremitting toil, telling of one picture after another begun, continued, finished, and exhibited.

In 1840 Wilkie undertook a journey to the East, principally as it would seem, with the idea of painting the scenes of Scripture story with a truth of locality and detail such as artists before his time had seldom thought necessary to give.

"It is a fancy or belief," he writes to Sir Robert Peel, "that the art of our time, and of our British people, may reap some benefit, that has induced me to undertake this journey. It is to see, to inquire, and to judge, not whether I can, but whether those who are younger, or with far higher attainments and powers, may not in future be required, in the advance and spread of our knowledge, to refer at once to the localities of Scripture events, when the great work is to be essayed of representing Scripture history."

It is strange that Wilkie should thus have predicted what has been so powerfully accomplished by several painters of the present day.

But Wilkie was not destined to accomplish any great Scriptural picture himself; he made, it is true, a great many sketches at Judea and elsewhere, which he no doubt would have worked up had such a task been permitted to fall amongst his life labours; but it was otherwise decreed.

On the first of June, 1841, on his homeward voyage to England, David Wilkie breathed his last. His body was committed to the sea; but his spirit still lives in the numerous records he has left us of his genius and his industry. Leslie, who knew Wilkie intimately for many years, sums up his testimony respecting him in these words, "He was a truly great artist, and a truly good man."

AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT was born at Kensington on the 20th of February, 1779. All the authorities which we have been able to consult preserve a profound silence as to his parentage. Who and what his father was is not stated by them; he begins with a brother. This brother was the famous Dr. Callcott, the musical composer, and he at least had a father, who carried on business as a builder. Presuming that his mother did not marry two husbands of the name of Callcott, we are enabled to state with some confidence that the builder had two musical sons, for Augustus was for some time a chorister of Westminster Abbey. But his love for art was greater than his love for music, and at the age of eighteen he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy. Studying under Hoppner, he first attempted portrait painting, and in 1779 exhibited a portrait of a Miss Roberts; but he soon discovered that his talent lay rather in the direction of landscape painting. Accordingly the Royal Academy catalogue for 1802 contains evidence of five landscapes exhibited by him, and only one portrait. And except the year 1804, he exhibited landscapes yearly till 1813. His progress was rapid. In 1806 he was elected an Associate, and in 1810 a full Academician.

He was fashionable, as perhaps no other landscape-painter in England ever was before or since. Carriages crowded to Kensington full of great people eager to see the great artist's works before they were sent to the Academy; and in 1837, on the accession of Queen Victoria, he received the honour of knighthood. In 1844 he was appointed Conservator of the Royal Pictures, and in November the 25th of the same year, he died.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON was born at Plymouth in 1786. He was the son of a bookseller, who claimed descent from an old Devonshire family. He was educated at the Plymouth grammar school (where he had a congenial companion in the future water-colour painter Prout), and apprenticed to his father; but having a passion for art, he resolved, against the wishes of his parents, on being a painter, and came up to London in 1804, when he was eighteen years of age, with one hundred dollars in his pocket. He was, we are told, self-willed and self-reliant. In addition, his inordinate self-conceit was already developed. He aimed at revolution-

izing and reforming art, by introducing a higher standard. He was another Barry without Barry's independence and consistency, and Haydon's fate was still more tragic than Barry's, for the gleams of success and good fortune which occurred in Haydon's case, and of which he might have availed himself, served but to present a broader contrast to his ultimate failure and destruction.

When Haydon came up to London he brought a letter of introduction to his townsman, Northcote, who, hearing his arrogant as well as confident aspirations, tried in vain to warn him. "Historical painter! Why, ye'll starve with a bundle of straw under your head." But Haydon, with constancy worthy a more modest and wiser man, would not be deterred from his course. He entered the Academy as a student, and had Wilkie for a fellow-pupil, and the following year Haydon set himself to paint a great picture. Which is greater—the pathos, or the juvenile audacity of the statements of a lad of twenty on the occasion! "On the first of October, 1806, setting my palette, and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting." Having painted this picture the subject was *the Flight into Egypt*, Haydon, whose talents and theories were not likely to pass into obscurity from any want of assurance and pertinacity on his part in pressing their claims, dunned the authorities till the picture was hung. Content for the moment, and satisfied of the certain success of a work whose immense superiority for a first picture, he did not hesitate to write many years later, he returned to Plymouth for a time, and practised portrait painting.

He had no want of sitters, nor of fair prices, at the rate of a \$100 a head, for the very vanity and self-assertions of the man were imposing, while his genuine enthusiasm for art was infectious. One is struck in reading Haydon's life, not so much with his reverses as with the fascination which he exerted, at different times, over many people, and at the fitful bursts of prosperity which that fascination, quite as much as any exhibition of his abilities, procured for him. Haydon's opinion of the portraits executed by him did not at all equal his conviction of his power as a historical painter. He calls them plainly "execrable," and only hugs himself on the desire to encourage him manifested by his sitters. Later in this matter of portraits, he is guilty of the outrage on honour and feeling of protesting that he had "an exquisite gratification in painting portraits wretchedly;" he loved "to see the sitters look as if they thought, Can this be Haydon's painting?" He chuckled. He was "rascal enough to take their money and chuckle more." But possibly Haydon, in his mad pride, made himself out worse than he really was, and this base malice was but a creation of his monstrous egotism.

On coming to London a second time, he got from Lord Mulgrave a commission to paint the *Murder of Dentatus*, at the moment when the

old Roman tribune makes his last effort against his own soldiers, who attacked and murdered him in a narrow pass." For the painting of this picture, which occupied him some time, Haydon studied closely the Elgin marbles, giving a very characteristic account of the origin of his study. Having gone to visit the marbles in company with Wilkie (no two men could have been more unlike than Haydon and Wilkie, yet a considerable intimacy seems to have existed between them), he saw at once that here were the principles which he had been struggling for in his first picture; "here were the principles which the great Greeks, in their finest time, established;" and here was he, the most prominent historical student, perfectly qualified to appreciate these principles. He would draw from the marbles, according to his own account, "for ten, fourteen, fifteen hours at a time, holding a candle and my board in one hand, and drawing with the other," and so he should have stayed till morning if the porter had not put him out at twelve o'clock, when he went home benumbed and damp, his clothes steaming up as he dried them. He would spread his drawings on the ground, would drink his tea at one o'clock in the morning, look at his picture, dwell on his drawings, ponder the changes of empire, and pray to God to enlighten his mind to discover the principles of Divine things, and then he had "inward assurances of future glory." Alas, alas! for all this enthusiasm in which there was no moderation, and this reverence in which there was no humility. Lord Mulgrave invited the painter to his house, and Haydon was not above being dazzled with a vision of rank and fashion, and despised from that time the society of the middle classes. His own statement is that the upper ten thousand flattered and caressed him, which might well appear the fact to a man so inflated with his own importance.

When *Dentatus* was finished, and sent to be hung, it need hardly be said that Haydon was furious at the picture's only getting a fairly good place in the estimation of his brother artists. Another check, which almost any other man would have felt more keenly, was that, though Lord Mulgrave paid Haydon two hundred guineas for the picture, the noble patron was cold in his praises, and even Haydon's friend Wilkie could not say much in the picture's behalf. But if the whole world had stood cold and silent, Haydon would only have concluded that the whole world had conspired against him, who was more especially a victim of the jealousy and tyranny of the Academy, against which he now entered, like Barry, on a life-long feud, in which there were few truces. His ravings at the injustice dealt to him, and the persecutions inflicted on him, were like the ravings of a mad-man. His friends remonstrated and reasoned with him in vain, and in the end he consoled himself for the breach with the lofty assertion that otherwise he should never have won his "grand and isolated reputation."

The baffled man was at last reduced to painting for bread, chiefly repetitions of *Napoleon at St. Helena*, *Napoleon in Egypt*, *Napoleon in his*

bedroom, of which he records in 1844, "I have painted nineteen Napoleons, thirteen of them at 'St. Helena;' by heavens! how many more?" At least ten or twelve more followed, when, despairing of getting work from the Royal Commission, he resolved, in self-justification, to complete his designs for the House of Lords. He struggled on and finished two, *The Banishment of Aristides—the injustice of Democracy* and *Nero playing on his Lyre while Rome was burning*, and *Quintus Curtius*. Haydon also attempted a private exhibition of these pictures, but, unlike his former exhibitions, it proved a failure, and he lost five hundred and fifty-five dollars, with the poor consolation that his successful rival who was exhibiting in the same building, was General Tom Thumb. Haydon made this mocking, bitter entry, one of the last, in his diary, "Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week, B. R. Haydon 133½ (the half a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people."

The wretched painter was, in addition to the heavy difficulties with which he had been for many years struggling, wounded to the quick. "Young men were selected for the work which he had made the ambition of his life, and he was contemptuously passed by." The public refused to redress or even listen to his wrongs. He began his third design for the work he had lost, *Alfred and the Jury*, and sat staring at his picture like an idiot."

On the 22nd of June, 1846, he made this ghastly grotesque entry into his diary: "God forgive me! Amen. Finis, B. R. Haydon. 'Stretch me no longer on the rack of this rough world,' *Lear*," and shot himself. It is a comfort to add that the doctors who were engaged in the post-mortem examination declared that Haydon's brain was diseased.

WILLIAM COLLINS. This good man and charming artist was born on the 18th of September, 1788. His father was Irish, his mother Scotch. He was an Englishman, perhaps a Cockney, if indeed, the sound of Bow Bells reaches as far as Great Titchfield Street. Here his father lived, a picture dealer of literary talent, or a literary man who added to his income by dealing in pictures.

Industrious and orderly is the character given of Collins as a youth. He worked hard at the Academy, to which he was admitted as a student in 1807, and he gained a silver medal for drawing from the life in 1809. Even at this early period he began to exhibit, and his works of that time, though (we might almost say, of course,) not distinguished by any special merit, save modesty and care, found purchasers. Thus his outset in life was not without encouragement, and he soon began to make an income which does not often fall to the lot of artists of his age. In 1811, for instance, he received £317 for his labours, and in 1813, £557, an unusual sum for an artist of twenty-four.

Collins met with generous assistance from his friends and patrons, among whom Mrs. Hand and Sir Thomas Heathcote deserve to be

mentioned. In this year also he *deserved* encouragement, for in it he produced his picture of "The Sale of the Pet Lamb," a work which was enough to secure him attention, and possibly had no inconsiderable influence on the votes which elected him an Associate of the Royal Academy in the following year. In this year he also exhibited "The Burial-place of a Favourite Bird," which possessed the same qualities of tender pathos and unaffected sentiment as the "Pet Lamb."

In 1836, moved thereto by Wilkie, his intimate friend, he left England for Italy, where he spent two years. On his return the pictures he exhibited surprised his former admirers. "It was amusing," writes his son, "to see many of the gazers at his new productions, looking perplexedly from catalogue to picture, and from picture to catalogue, to assure themselves that they really beheld any of Collins' works in the bright southern scenes displayed before them." Till 1844 he continued to paint scenes from Italy, and then went back to England, his old love.

It is said that his unwise practice of painting at all times of the day while at Sorrento, though he was warned of its folly by his friends, sowed the seeds of the disease by which he was vanquished at last. A rheumatic attack left behind it disease of the heart, and though he lived for eleven years afterwards, he was never the same man again. It was under great suffering that he painted, in 1846, his beautiful picture of "Early Morning," of which Mr. Ruskin says, "I have never seen the oppression of sunlight in a clear, lucid, rainy atmosphere, more perfectly or faithfully rendered, and the various portions of reflected and scattered light are all studied with equal truth and solemn feeling." In the February of the following year, on the 17th of the month, Collins was dead.

WILLIAM ETTY was born 10th of March, 1787. His father was a miller and ginger-bread baker, who married somewhat above his station, and was, with his wife, discarded by the more prosperous branch of her family. After settling unsuccessfully in various places, he at last settled, and this time successfully, in York, where his ginger-bread achieved a high local fame. His mother seems to have been, in person and natural parts, a superior woman, with a face, according to Sir Thomas Lawrence, "like a Madonna."

He was apprenticed when only eleven years of age to a printer, to whom he served his full time—seven years;—but he "always thought to be a painter, dreamed of nothing else." "Everything spake to me of the greatness of art: all that passed through my hands as a printer. And I fed my soul with the prints in the printsellers' windows."

He served his full time; but he looked upon it as servitude, and down to within a month of his death, he recorded the 23rd of October, in his letters and diaries, as the "anniversary of my emancipation from slavery."

He was now nineteen, and found a patron of his talent in his uncle, who lived in London, and in 1807 he was admitted as a probationer of the

Academy schools, where he drew the Laocoon side by side with Collins. In July, in the same year, Sir Thomas Lawrence took him as his pupil, his uncle paying a premium of one hundred guineas.

This same year he sent pictures both to the Royal Academy and the British Gallery, but they were all returned; and it was not till 1811, after six years regular study, that he succeeded in getting any of his pictures exhibited. In this year his "Sappho" was accepted by the British Institution, and his "Telemachus rescues the Princess Antiope from the Fury of the Wild Boar," by the Royal Academy. But as yet his pictures were, according to Leslie, but "black and colourless attempts at ideal subjects."

In 1824 he began to live in Buckingham Street, where, with occasional trips to York and abroad, he remained almost to the last. He never married. His mother and a niece came to stay with him in Buckingham Street; the niece came to him for a few weeks, and stayed for twenty-five years, his house-keeper and dear friend.

Etty's progress was throughout slow, if sure; he was late in obtaining mastery of his art, late in obtaining fame, later in obtaining competence. It was not till he was fifty-four that he began to realize property of his own, and this though he was one who schooled himself "to scorn delight and live laborious days." Then making his will, and fearful that he might die without leaving sufficient property to carry out his intentions, he began to lay by. His fear was, however, needless, for he died in good circumstances, leaving £200 a-year and his house at York to his niece, and the rest of his property to his brother Walter, who, after his uncle's death, had supplied the artist with all the money he required during the many years which elapsed before he was able to support himself.

If his commencement was tedious and his progress was slow, his last years were full to the brim with fame and prosperity. He died on the 13th of November, 1849.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER was born on the 23rd of April, 1775, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, the son of a hairdresser, who appears to have acted judiciously by his son, giving him such little education as he could afford, and not discouraging the early attempts of his genius, some of which appear to have been exhibited in the hairdresser's window. The first endeavours towards a true study of natural landscape had already been made; and it was the fortune of Turner to obtain the friendship of Girtin, the water-colour artist, who had proceeded further than his contemporaries along the new road from topographical drawing to art. He had discovered the use of "accident" and attained great power in rendering broad effects of sunlight and shadow, and in poetical idealization of nature. The drawing of Rivaulx Abbey, now in the National Collection at South Kensington, will show at once the height which he had reached above his precursors, and the height which Turner attained above him.

According to Mr. Wornum, "he entered as a student of the Royal Academy, in 1789, and he exhibited a drawing of Lambeth Palace in the following year; in 1799," (or one year earlier than the date assigned by Messrs. Redgrave,) "he was elected an Associate, and in April, 1802, he became a member of the Academy."

His first exhibited *oil*-painting was the little study of "Moonlight on the Thames at Millbank," now in the National Gallery. This was exhibited in 1797. Down to this time he was employed principally upon water-colour drawings of the scenery of England; and even down to 1802, he had produced nothing in oil which calls for special notice. In this year, however, being twenty-seven years of age, he exhibited the "Tenth Plague of Egypt," and "Jason in search of the Golden Fleece," pictures too well known to need a description here. Hitherto his works show that he was still a student, a careful student of high and original powers, both of nature and of works of art, working his way up through apprenticeship to mastery; but now his studentship may be said to have ended. In a certain sense, he was, indeed, a student all his life; but down to this time his own individuality, though apparent enough, was not pre-eminent in his pictures. Like all truly great men, he fully mastered what had been done in the past before he ventured to give his genius full liberty. He assured himself that he fully understood the whole plan, and had attained complete skill as a workman, before he dared to add new stones to the great cathedral of Art.

The works of Claude and Wilson had no doubt great influence upon Turner; and the style of Wilson is specially noticeable in his early oil-pictures. But the Jason shows a true strength of imagination which no landscape-painter before or since has equalled. After 1802, the date given by Mr. Wornum as the commencement of his second style, Turner rises above all imitation; and if he imitates it is only at will, as when the style of a master is particularly suited to the subject, or in a spirit of conscious emulation.

Close to his beloved Thames, and with the setting sun upon his face, Turner died, on the 19th December, 1851, at a small lodging at Chelsea, where he had long lived under an assumed name, for the purpose of enjoying his lonely studies undisturbed.

JOHN MARTIN was born on the 19th July, 1789, at a house called Eastland Ends, at Haydon Bridge, near Hexham, and was apprenticed to a coach-maker at Newcastle. His indenture was, however, cancelled after a few months, and he was placed with an Italian painter, named Bonifaccio Musso, the father of a son, who, dropping the Italian termination to his name, was known as plain Charles Muss, and attained some distinction as an enamel painter.

With Bonifaccio Musso, Martin came to London in 1806, and lived at the house of his master for a little while, but, this arrangement not prov-

ing satisfactory, he soon took lodgings for himself, and devoted his nights to the study of perspective and architecture, his knowledge of which had so great an influence on his future pictures, and may be said to have been the ground-work of his fame.

In 1814 Martin sent two pictures to the Royal Academy, one of "Clytie" and the other of "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still." To Martin's disgust they were both placed in the ante-room, but if the Royal Academy would not recognize his Titanic genius he found a society who would. The British Institution, in the following year, hung his "Joshua" in the place of honour, and awarded it a prize of £100. In his anger at the Academy, Martin removed his name from their list. He, however, continued to exhibit there to the last.

In 1818 he removed to a superior house; and in 1819 produced "The Fall of Babylon;" in 1820, "Macbeth," "one of my most successful landscapes;" and in 1821, his "Belshazzar's Feast," an elaborate picture, which occupied a year in executing, and which received the premium of £200 from the British Institution.

In 1838 he painted "The Death of Moses," and "The Death of Jacob;" and, till 1852, two years before his death, he exhibited one or more pictures nearly every year. They were all marked by the same qualities of merit and defect, all prodigious in conception, all unnatural and exaggerated in execution.

He was still at work when he had a paralytic stroke. He sought the change of air and scene which the Isle of Man afforded; but here he died, in the house of Thomas Wilson, Esq., at Douglas, on the 9th of February, 1859.

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE was born in London on the 19th of October, 1794. But although he was thus an Englishman by birth, he was an American by parentage, both his father and mother being natives of Cecil County, Maryland.

In the year 1808, when he was only fourteen years of age, Leslie was bound apprentice to Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, publishers in Philadelphia, for although he had already shown a decided predilection for art, his mother, who had at this time become a widow, had no means of giving him an artist's education. A fortunate chance, however, released young Leslie from his uncongenial occupation, and set him free to follow his own inclinations.

It happened, whilst Leslie was in the office of Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, that the celebrated actor, Frederick Cooke, arrived in Philadelphia, and that, with the rest of the American world, the publisher's apprentice went half mad with delight at seeing him act. Moreover, the actor's face produced such a powerful impression on his mind that he was enabled to paint an excellent portrait of him from memory. This portrait fell into the hands of Mr. Bradford, Leslie's master, who had always hither-

to discouraged his young apprentice's attempts in art, but who was so struck by the extraordinary skill and cleverness shown in this likeness that he determined from henceforth to do all he could to forward the boy's desire to become an artist. Accordingly he showed the portrait of Cooke to several of the rich merchants of Philadelphia; and, with their help, got up a subscription to enable Leslie to study painting for two years in Europe.

At the close of 1811, Leslie, with the funds thus supplied him, came to London and was shortly after admitted as a student into the Royal Academy.

"Sir Roger de Coverley" may be considered the starting point of Leslie's true artistic career. None of his ambitious historic pictures, such as "The Witch of Endor," "Timon," "Hercules," &c., had brought him so much notice as was immediately bestowed on him as the painter of "Sir Roger de Coverley;" and from this time he never, so far as we know, attempted anything in "High Art."

Leslie died, in 1857, on the day before the opening of the Academy Exhibition.

AUGUSTUS LEOPOLD EGG was the son of the famous gun-maker of that name, and was born in Piccadilly on the 2d of May, 1816. He was sent to school at Bexley, in Kent; and he showed such a predilection for art that, in 1834, he was placed in the Academy of Mr. Sass; and the year after (the same year as Mr. Frith,) was admitted as a student in the Royal Academy. So quickly did his power increase that, in 1837, his first picture exhibited attracted the notice of the late Prince Consort, and was purchased by him from the wall of the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street. The next year he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and obtained much praise for his picture of the "Spanish Girl," which found a purchaser in the Art Union. From this time forward he exhibited annually to 1860, with the exception of three years only, viz., 1852, 1853, and 1856.

In 1849 he was elected an Associate, and exhibited "Henrietta Maria relieved by Cardinal Retz," and "Launce's substitute for Proteus' Dog." In 1850 appeared two capital pictures, "Peter the Great sees Catherine, his future Empress, for the first time," and "Pepy's Introduction to Nell Gwynne."

His health soon after this failed him, and he exhibited nothing either in 1852 or 1853. In 1855, however, he appeared in full strength with three pictures, one of which, we think in particular, showed the influence of the Præraphaelite School. This was the "Life and Death of Buckingham," a picture in two compartments, or rather two pictures in a double frame. Sad though the "Death of Buckingham," be, we still think it, and the "Night before Naseby," the finest pictures Egg painted, and the noblest efforts of his genius.

He died at Algiers on the 25th of March, 1863, and was buried on the top of a high hill.

WILLIAM MULREADY was born on the 30th April, 1786, at Ennis, County Clare, Ireland. His father was a leather breeches maker, and a "master of his craft," in Ireland. When, however, he came to London, in 1791, he was obliged to descend to the rank of journeyman, and afterwards, apparently, (though whether this was a farther descent we are not sufficiently wise to decide), made boots as well as breeches. Mulready's talents showed themselves at a very early age, and his parents, with unusual wisdom and self-denial, laboured hard so that their son's talents might have leisure and instruction to develop them.

Educated first by a Wesleyan minister, and afterwards by two priests of the Church of Rome—the church of his parents and himself—and reading whatever of English literature came in his way, saving up his money to buy books, and, indeed, forming a small fund for the purpose, by making and selling small, round, coloured geometrical designs, which go by the name of "Turks' caps," and occasionally attracting the notice of a stranger by his drawings of nature, he reached the age of thirteen. Then, by a stroke of good fortune, he was introduced to Banks, the sculptor, who, after a little time, took him into his studio, and in the year 1800 he was admitted as a student of the Royal Academy, and two years afterwards gained the silver palette of the Society of Arts.

From the age of fifteen he is said to have lived entirely by his own exertions. He began his art-career as a landscape painter, but he had little success, and was hard pushed by domestic cares. At eighteen he married the sister of his friend and master, John Varley, the water-colour artist; and, at twenty-four, he had four children. "I remember the time," he said on one occasion, "when I had a wife, four children, nothing to do, and was six hundred pounds in debt." His marriage was an unhappy one, and he, after a few years, was separated from his wife.

His first picture, in which the subject was not principally the landscape, was "Old Kaspar," (from "Southey's Battle of Blenheim,") exhibited in 1807. After this, he imitated Wilkie, in his pictures of "The Barber's Shop," and the "Carpenter's Shop," and though gradually progressing along the right path, it was not till his "Punch" was exhibited, in 1813, that he began to show his special powers. If it were not for the honest and conscientious method of painting and careful drawing shown in these first pictures of his, we should almost wonder at his being elected an Associate in 1815, and an Academician in 1816, at an interval of less than a year.

It must, however, be noted, that his exquisite little pictures of the Kensington Gravel Pits were executed before this time, in 1811 and 1812. They, however, were considered failures. Sir A. W. Callcott, his kind friend, had obtained a commission for them, but he was so disappointed

with them, that he honestly declared he could not recommend them, and so they remained with the artist. They are now at South Kensington, little gems of beauty, far exceeding, as works of art, anything by Sir Augustus.

Seeing what wonderful perfection Mulready attained within his own limits it seems ungrateful to call attention to the narrow bounds by which his genius is restricted, but this is necessary if we would wish to consider his place in his own walk of English Art. He, like Stothard, was feeble in conception of character, and this is shown in his otherwise almost perfect illustrations to the "Vicar of Wakefield," a book perhaps better suited to the spirit of his art than any other, from its simplicity and the by no means strong individuality of its *dramatis personæ*. But Mulready's illustrations have not even as much distinctness of character as the charming creatures of Goldsmith's imagination. He succeeded better in this way in subjects of his own invention, and his boys and dogs are especially full of character. It must be allowed also that his mind was not fertile, and that he is not without mannerisms, two out of many we could point out being the peculiar flaky form of foliage in his later pictures, and his curious type of female beauty.

But if in some respects his genius was more limited than that of Leslie and Wilkie, he excelled them both in drawing and colour, and in a more precious and rare quality still, viz. sentiment. As he could not have painted "Autolycus" or "Kate" as Leslie painted them, or "The Rent Day" as Wilkie did, neither of those artists could throw such an ineffable charm of poetry over humble life as Mulready in "The Sonnet" and "First Love." He died at Bayswater on the 7th July, 1863

DAVID ROBERTS. In a very curious old house—if we may judge by Mr. Cooke's drawing of it—there lived, towards the close of the last century, a poor shoemaker, the father of the artist whose name begins this paper.

His son, who grew to be a famous architectural painter, and died a R. A., was the eldest of four. Such education as his parents were able to give he received; but, he informs us in the autobiographical record which forms the major portion of Mr. Ballantine's "Life," that the old dame who first undertook it confined her cares to keeping him "out of the way of being run over by carts, or drowned in the water of Leith." In Edinburgh, where he was next sent, he was treated so cruelly by the severe Dominies of those days, that he petitioned to be apprenticed to a trade.

His life was hard, his master tyrannical, and, but for a love of drawing, shared by some of his fellow apprentices, his position would have been intolerable. With these colleagues he instituted a Life Academy in the dark room of an old-fashioned house in Mary King's Close, which was occupied by the mother of one of the members. Their first and most illustrious model was a donkey, who did not decrease a certain ghostly re-

putation which hung about the house in question by the vigorous brayings in which he announced his confinement.

Finally, he was engaged as scene-painter to the Edinburgh Pantheon. A scene executed with great rapidity procured him employment in the Theatre Royal at Glasgow. Here again he studied the stock, which consisted of a series of scenes painted by the Nasmyth family; and upon these his style, he says, was formed. From Glasgow he went back to Edinburgh, as scene-painter to the Theatre Royal there. His connection with the Edinburgh Theatre procured him an introduction to Mr. Elliston of Drury Lane, and, in 1822, he came to London. Stanfield was again his colleague; and their friendly emulation continued. From Drury Lane he went to Covent Garden. During all this time the reputation of his pictures was rapidly increasing. He exhibited frequently; and was now well *lancé* as an architectural painter. In a few more years he had relinquished scene-painting altogether. And here we pause. After the final establishment of the artist in London, the interest which attaches to his earlier years somewhat diminishes.

He speedily found patrons and purchasers for his pictures; and foremost of these was Lord Northwick. For him Mr. Roberts painted "The Israelites leaving Egypt." It was afterwards purchased by Sir Robert Peel, and has been copied in mezzo-tint by Quilley. He also executed, for a work called "Scotland Delineated," a series of drawings which obtained great success.

Among his latest projects was the illustration of "London from the Thames." The idea was suggested to him by Turner, "who said he had thought of it too late in life to carry it out himself." The scheme was approved by the late Sir Charles Barry shortly before his death; and, in pursuance of a promise made to him to set about the work as early as possible, Roberts began making the preliminary studies. Death found him at the work. He died 25th November, 1864.

CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE was born on the 17th November, 1793. His father was a solicitor and judge advocate of the Admiralty Court.

Young Eastlake came to London, and studied under Fuseli, at the Royal Academy, and painted "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," but whether or not this picture was "tame beyond hope," we cannot say. It was purchased by Mr. Jeremiah Harman, who employed him to make copies of pictures in the Louvre. For this purpose he then went to Paris, but the return of Napoleon from Elba compelled his retreat from that capital. Wilkie, the friend of Haydon, was the friend of Eastlake also, as was also Turner, with whom he rambled about Plymouth. It was in the neighbourhood of this town that Turner found the lovely view which he has painted in his well-known "Crossing the Brook."

In 1815 Eastlake was fortunate enough to catch sight of Napoleon the Great, as he stood in the gangway of the "Bellerophon," in Plymouth

Sound, and he made a sketch of the wonderful man, who, perceiving his employment, kindly gave him the opportunity of taking an excellent likeness. From this he painted a full-length portrait, which had some success.

Eastlake did not stop at Rome during the whole period of his absence from England; but, in 1819, went with Sir Charles Barry to Greece, and thence, in 1820, to Sicily; but his pictures are marked "Rome" up till 1829. His reputation, however, was not confined to Italy, for he commenced to exhibit in 1823, and in 1827, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

In 1839 he attempted a more ambitious picture than usual, viz. his "Christ Blessing Little Children;" and a year after the once famous "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem;" a work which, if it cannot be called "great," is one of pure and almost exquisite taste.

From 1842 to 1844, Eastlake was Librarian of the Royal Academy; from 1843 to 1847, the keeper of the National Gallery; in 1850, he was knighted on taking his seat as President of the Royal Academy; and in 1855 he was appointed Director of the National Gallery. He was also an ex-officio trustee of the British Museum.

Well-read, of refined mind, an accomplished gentleman, Sir Charles held a position in the world of art, and the world of society, which eminently fitted him for the Presidential Chair; and if he was not the finest painter in the Academy, he was at least unequalled in his knowledge of art, and his zeal for its welfare.

In 1849, Sir Charles (then Mr.) Eastlake married Miss Rigby, author of "Letters from the Baltic," and since well known by her "Livonian Tales," her contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, and other works. He died on the 23d December, 1865.

CLARKSON STANFIELD was born at Sunderland in 1793. His father, James Field Stanfield, was a minor poet, and author of an "Essay on Biography." He was also a great friend of Thomas Clarkson, the emancipationist, after whom he named his son. The boy became a sailor, and made many voyages, especially in the China Sea, with which he was well acquainted. According to the "Life of Douglas Jerrold," we find him, in 1813, a fore-mast man on the "Namur" guardship, then lying at the Nore, and on which young Jerrold was a midshipman. He was already an adept at sketching marine subjects, and it is recorded that many theatrical entertainments were got up on board the guard-ship for the amusement of her officers, in which Stanfield officiated as scene-painter, and young Douglas as theatrical manager. A—for the public—fortunate accident, however, closed his career as a seaman. A fall from the rigging, by which he came in contact with the stock of an anchor, severely injured his feet, and made him an artist.

In 1820, he exhibited his first picture in the Academy. It was called "A River Scene," and was a representation of the White Mill at Thames

Bank, nearly opposite the Red House at Battersea. This he followed up with Scotch and German studies. His next noticeable picture, "Wreckers off Fort Rouge," appeared at the British Institution in 1827. By this time he was well known, and painting numerous works on commission.

In 1830, he made a lengthy visit to the continent, and, as the fruits of his travel, sent to the Academy, in 1831, four pictures: "A Storm," "Strasburg," "Venice," and "The Fisherman of Honfleur." He painted a series of ten Venetian scenes for the dining-room of the Marquis of Lansdowne's house, at Bowood; and a second series for Trentham, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland. Later he was selected to furnish one of the "Comus" *lunettes* for the summer-house at Buckingham Palace.

His last work, "A Skirmish off Heligoland," was still hanging in the south room of the Academy when the painter died, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, after a lingering illness. He was buried at Kensal Green on the 27th May, 1867, and many members of the Royal Academy attended at the funeral.

JOHN BURNET was born on the 20th March, 1784, at Fisher-row, near Edinburgh. His father, George Burnet, was a native of Borrowstoness, and was descended from a brother of the celebrated Bishop Burnet, Dr. Thomas Burnet, who himself was the friend of Newton and author of the "Sacred Theory of the Earth." George Burnet had, according to the obituary notice of John Burnet, in the *Athenæum*, formerly lived with the Earl of Dundonald, at Culross, and married Anne Cruikshanks, the sister of the anatomist. Two of their children, John and James Burnet, were destined to make the name famous. John, with whom we alone have to do, was educated by Dr. Leeshman, the schoolmaster of Sir Walter Scott, and showed such an early tendency towards art, that he was apprenticed to Mr. Robert Scott, a landscape engineer of Edinburgh, and the father of two artists of note now alive.

When not busy with the graver or brush, Burnet took up the pen, and wrote many works of practical value to students, some of which have met with large sale. His "Practical Treatise on Painting," divided into three books, and three volumes,—comprising "Hints on Colour," "Hints on Composition," and "Hints on Light and Shade," has passed through many editions. This, as far as we know, was his earliest work, and was published in 1827. A further volume containing "Hints on Portrait-painting," was published in 1860. In 1844 appeared a new edition of Reynolds' famous "Discourses on the Fine Arts," annotated by John Burnet; in 1848, "Letters on Landscape-painting in Oil;" and in 1852, "Turner and his Works."

John Burnet died at Victoria Road, South Newington, on the 29th of April, 1868.

PICTURES AND PAINTERS
OF THE
ENGLISH SCHOOL.

THE HIGHLAND KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

R. Ansdell, R. A., Painter. G. Greathead, Engraver.

RICHARD ANSDELL was born near Liverpool in 1818, where, after receiving a common school education, he turned his attention to art studies. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1848, and was elected an associate member of that institution in 1861, and a full member in 1870. He is one of the best animal painters of the present day in England, although he has also produced several semi-historical compositions of more than average merit.

The picture here engraved represents a scene in the Western Highlands of Scotland, not far from Oban. A portion of the range of mountains seen in the distance is situated north of the island of Mull, and the water is the head of Loch Etive. The time of year is autumn; and the sportsmen have evidently just arrived, with their hounds, from Oban by way of the lake. The dogs are leashed together,—two spaniels and two setters,—and are following hungrily and expectantly a braw, fair-haired lassie, who carries, in an earthenware dish, the smoking food for their meal, which she bears aloft, lest the eager animals make a premature raid on its contents.

The principal group is admirably composed; each constituent part is full of life and action; but especially striking and vigorous in attitude is the “Keeper’s Daughter,” who is, unquestionably, the most attractive object in the picture.



THE PEDLAR.

F. Burr, Painter.

C. West, Engraver.

REPRESENTS one of those picturesque wayside cottages which are to be found all over England and Scotland. The pedlar has called with his basket of wares; the mother is interested in a substantial earthenware dish, whilst the child points to some toys which she would like to have. The pedlar, meanwhile, is holding forth in a general way on the cheapness of his merchandise.

F. Burr was born in Scotland in 1831, and has become famous by his humorous Wilkie-like treatment of home subjects.



THE FOX AND HOUNDS.

R. W. Buss, Painter.

W. Wellstood, Engraver.



AN experience which might even now be undergone at some of the pretentious country hotels of England by any traveller who makes up his mind that he will not fee the waiters, chambermaids and porters. The "Fox and Hounds," which the artist has made the name of the hotel, is suggestive of the whole scene.

R. W. Buss was born in England, 1804, and was, in his day, quite a popular artist.



THE FOX AND HOUNDS.

ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER.

Sir A. W. Callcott, Painter.

E. G. Dannel, Engraver.



HIS picture is illustrative of a scene in Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i., Scene i.

Slender.—Mistress Page, you yourself shall go first.

Anne.—Not I, Sir, pray, you keep on.

Slender.—Truly, I shall not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne.—I pray you, Sir.

Slender.—I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

Sir Augustus Wall Callcott was born in London in 1766, and died there 1844, having won the highest distinction as a painter.



Engr'd by E. Chinnel

THE PIGEON AND THE SQUIRE

MISSED IT.

A. E. Chalon, R. A., Painter.

A. L. Dick, Engraver.

BOCHEFOUCAULD is credited with the uncomfortable sentiment, that "there lives no man who does not take a secret pleasure in the misfortunes of his neighbour." While we would deny this in the case of great misfortunes, yet it must be confessed, that, in small annoyances, such as is represented in the picture "*Missed It*," there is a good deal of truth in the cynic's maxim. The scene is of fifty years ago, when stage coaches supplied the travelling facilities which railways have superceded; the execution of the work is realistic and graphic.

Mr. Chalon was born in London in 1780, and died 1860.





SELLING THE PET LAMB

Wm. Collins, Painter.

A. L. Dick, Engraver.



WILLIAM COLLINS was born 1788, and died 1847. He was the father of Wilkie Collins, the celebrated novelist.

The troubles of the widow and the fatherless have come upon this household; poverty has prompted the "*Sale of the Pet Lamb.*"

We know how intense is the joy, and how keen the grief of childhood; how sincere and deep-rooted its affections, and whoever has witnessed the peculiar affection which a pet lamb inspires in its human companions, must know that on the score of affection the lamb is the pet of pets.

The plot of this picture is admirably conceived, indeed, we may say "the picture is a tragedy." The mother, baby in arms, is being paid the price of the favourite, by the butcher; the eldest child, old enough to comprehend the inevitable necessity of the sacrifice, stands by with the corner of her apron in her eyes; and the sympathetic attitude of the butcher's dog bespeaks an understanding and pity which we feel can hardly be accidental. In the foreground is the lamb surrounded by his affectionate playmates, who, grief-stricken at the impending separation, demonstrate in a despairing manner their solicitude. One offers the poor pet a drink of milk, his last drink in the house of friends; another clasps his arms around its neck, and another bravely goes forth to battle with the butcher's boy, unequal though the battle must appear. The butcher's big boy, with steel buckled round his waist (suggestive of the cruel fate in store for the lamb), and halter in hand, is simply amused at "the fuss" the children make over a lamb; his occupation has long since made him a stranger to sentiment or pity where dumb animals are concerned.

We can imagine the wail of the children after their lamb is gone, and that the remembrance of their childish bereavement will likely be carried far into their lives,

The landscape is perfect, and worthy the renown of the great master.



SELLING THE PET LAMB.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

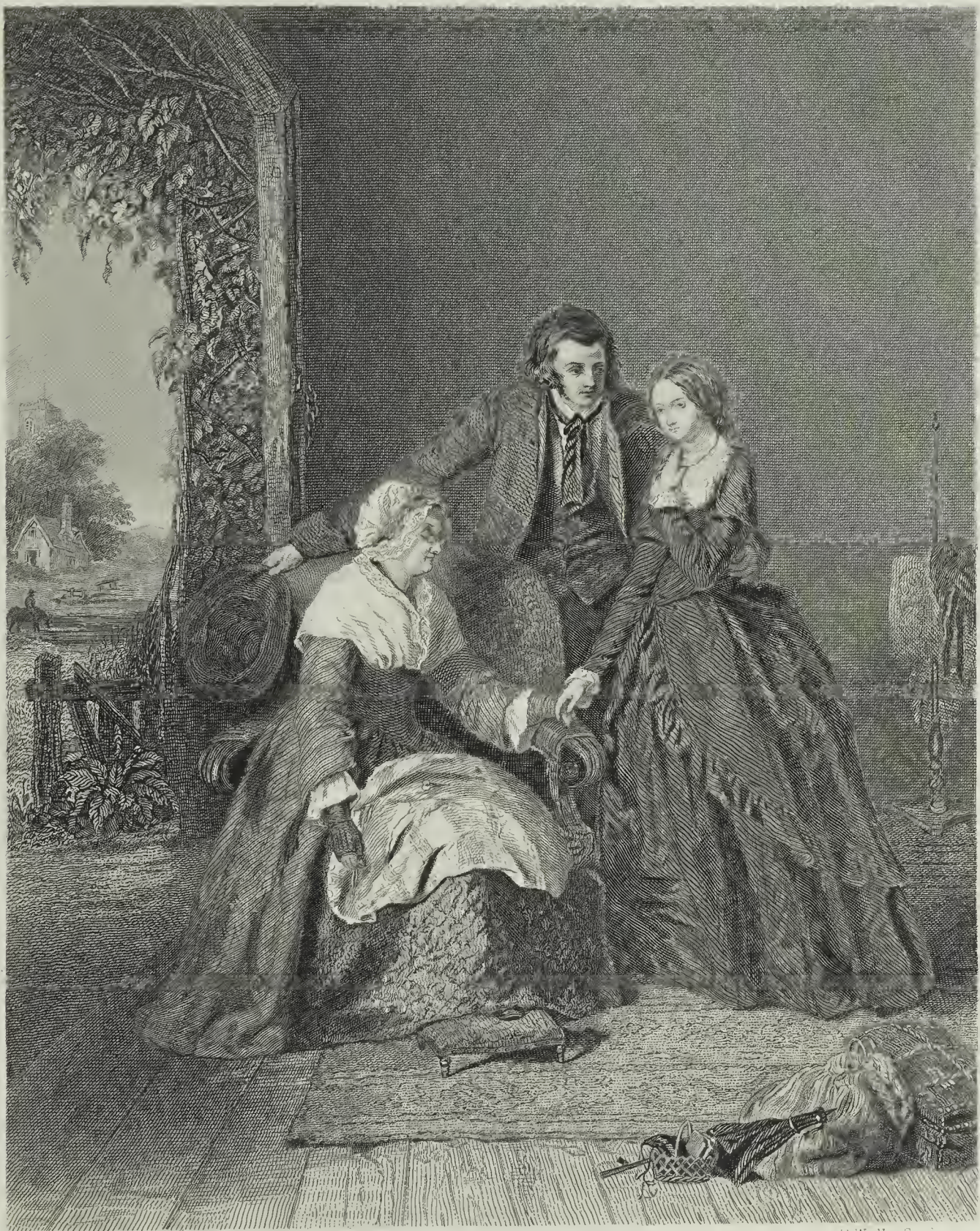
Wm. Dyce, R. A. Painter.

R. Wells, Engraver.



ILLIAM DYCE, equally distinguished as a painter and art-critic, was born in Scotland in 1805 and died 1864.

The inevitable law of nature which prompts young hearts to seek a home for themselves, leaving the parent-nest lonely and sorrowful. Although in the care of strong and loving arms, yet a mother parts with her child, no matter how bright that child's future prospects may appear, with the pain of separation; knowing that her property in her child has gone to another.



Wm Dyce R.A. Pinx

R Wells Sculp

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

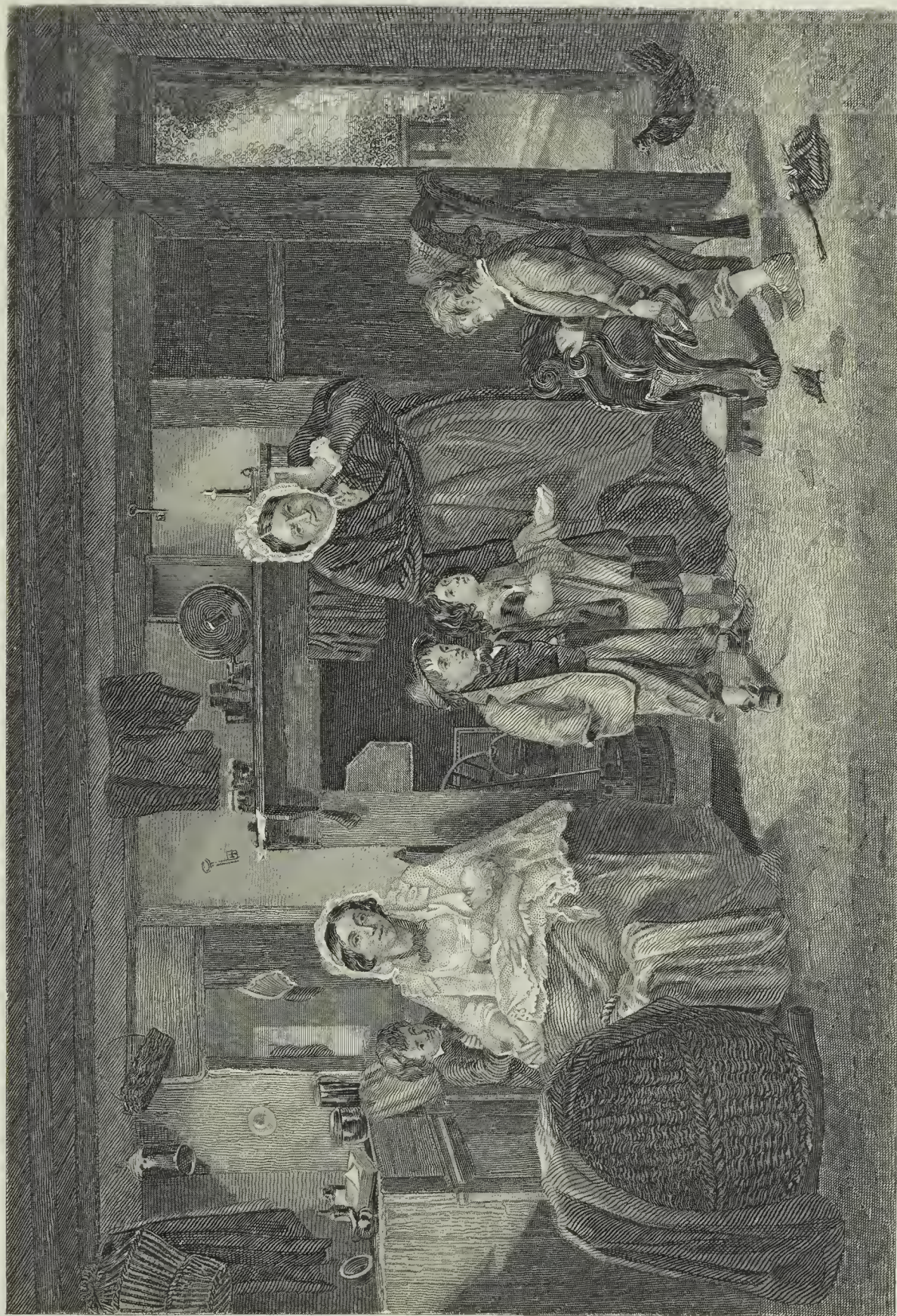
Thomas Faed, R. A., Painter.

J. Reed, Engraver.



THE pathetic picture, entitled *The Mitherless Bairn*, will strike with pity every observer; the poor wanderer is contrasted with the care bestowed on the comfortably housed and comfortably fed cottager, where he has called to solicit alms. The mother, feeling for what may be the possible fate of her own children, is the demonstrative figure in the painting, and its whole effect is pleasing and effective.

Thomas Faed was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1826. He is the youngest of three brothers all distinguished in art. He painted *The Mitherless Bairn* in 1855, it being pronounced "the best picture of the year."



W. G. S. S.

W. G. S. S.

THE MOTHERS' JOURNAL

HAPPY DAYS.

Birket Foster, Painter.

John West, Engraver.



IRKET FOSTER reminds us in this charming English landscape of Canon Kingsley's description of a boy's fishing experiences. "There is no pleasure I have experienced like a child's mid-summer holiday—the time I mean when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and come home at night tired, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used as a boat and lost! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen years as he does before, unless in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

Mr. Foster was born at North Shields, Northumberland, in 1812, and after a long career as a draftsman on wood, essayed painting in water color, and with such success that he is now the President of the Society of Water Color Painters.



John West Sculp

Birket Foster Pinx

HAPPY DAYS

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

Frith, Creswick, and Ansdell, Painters.

J. Smith, Engraver.



AT the time which the annexed picture seems to represent, railroads were unknown, and rustic England yet beheld London through a golden haze of imaginary splendor. A young girl is on her way to seek her fortune in the great city, and for the first time beholds the goal of her ambition in the valley at her feet. Towering above the mist she sees the tall steeples of countless churches, while above all rises the majestic dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Before continuing her journey she has rested on the stile, to look and wonder, and dream over the possibilities of the future. A bundle contains all her worldly possessions, and her only companion is the dog, which now stands waiting for his mistress to continue her journey.

The work is the joint production of three artists, each of whom contributed the part most suited to his talents. Mr. Frith painted the figure of the girl, Mr. Creswick the landscape, and Mr. Ansdell the dog, the result of their united efforts being a very charming picture. The landscape, and the trees and foliage in the foreground are skilful in composition and exceedingly careful in execution. The dog, though least in size, is a capital study of dog-life, and its introduction is very suggestive; while the attitude of the girl corresponds in the most natural manner with the expression of her face, as she stands musing over the future.



W. P. Smith del.

Smith sculp.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

W. P. Frith R. A , Painter.

H. Cousin, Engraver.



FEW British artists have enjoyed as wide a popularity as William Powell Frith. His subjects from the first caught the popular fancy, and as nearly all his pictures have been engraved, his name has become very familiar. His works may be divided into two groups, the first consisting of subjects from the poets and novelists, such as "Measuring Heights," from the Vicar of Wakefield, and the "Village Pastor," from the Deserted Village. The second and later group, of familiar scenes from modern life, as the "Derby Day" and the "Railway Station." In the latter class of pictures, where a very large number of figures are introduced on the canvas, Mr. Frith is without a rival. The humors of a crowd are produced by him with the fidelity, but without the grim coarseness of Hogarth, and without that disagreeable intensity of dramatic effect to which Hogarth was addicted. His pictures sparkle with humor, but they also possess more solid merits.

The picture from which the accompanying engraving was taken, was painted more than twenty years ago. It represents a familiar incident in the streets of London, where at almost every corner a ragged urchin is to be found plying the trade of crossing-sweeper, and depending for payment on the voluntary contributions of pedestrians. There is a kindly sentiment in the picture which is very pleasing.



W. P. Frith R.A. Pinx.

THE CROSSING-GIRL.

PHŒBE MAYFLOWER.

R. Gavin, A.R.S A., Painter.

H. Gray, Engraver.



ONE of the freshest and merriest of Sir Walter Scott's heroines is "Phœbe Mayflower," the light-footed and light-hearted serving-maid of Sir Henry Lee and his daughter, fair Mistress Alice. The Puritanical spirit of the times had not dimmed the bright eyes of Phœbe, and her laugh seems to ring all the merrier by contrast with the grim sobriety of the Parliamentary Commissioners and the stern old veterans of Cromwell, whom Scott introduces into the story. Woodstock was first made famous by a pretty woman,—the fair Rosamond of King Henry II.,—whose beauty, however, led to her destruction by the poisoned bowl of jealous Queen Eleanor, and Scott revived its ancient fame by making it the abode of the pert little beauty, Phœbe Mayflower. Woodstock is still the name of a city and Parliamentary district in Oxfordshire; but the old manor was given to the Duke of Marlborough as a reward for his services, and Blenheim House and Park have taken the place of the Woodstock Park and ruined mansion of the time of Sir Henry Lee.

Mr. Gavin, who is an associate member of the Royal Scottish Academy, painted the work as one of a series of pictures illustrating the female characters in Scott's works.



THE CUBB AND FLOWER.

THE SWING.

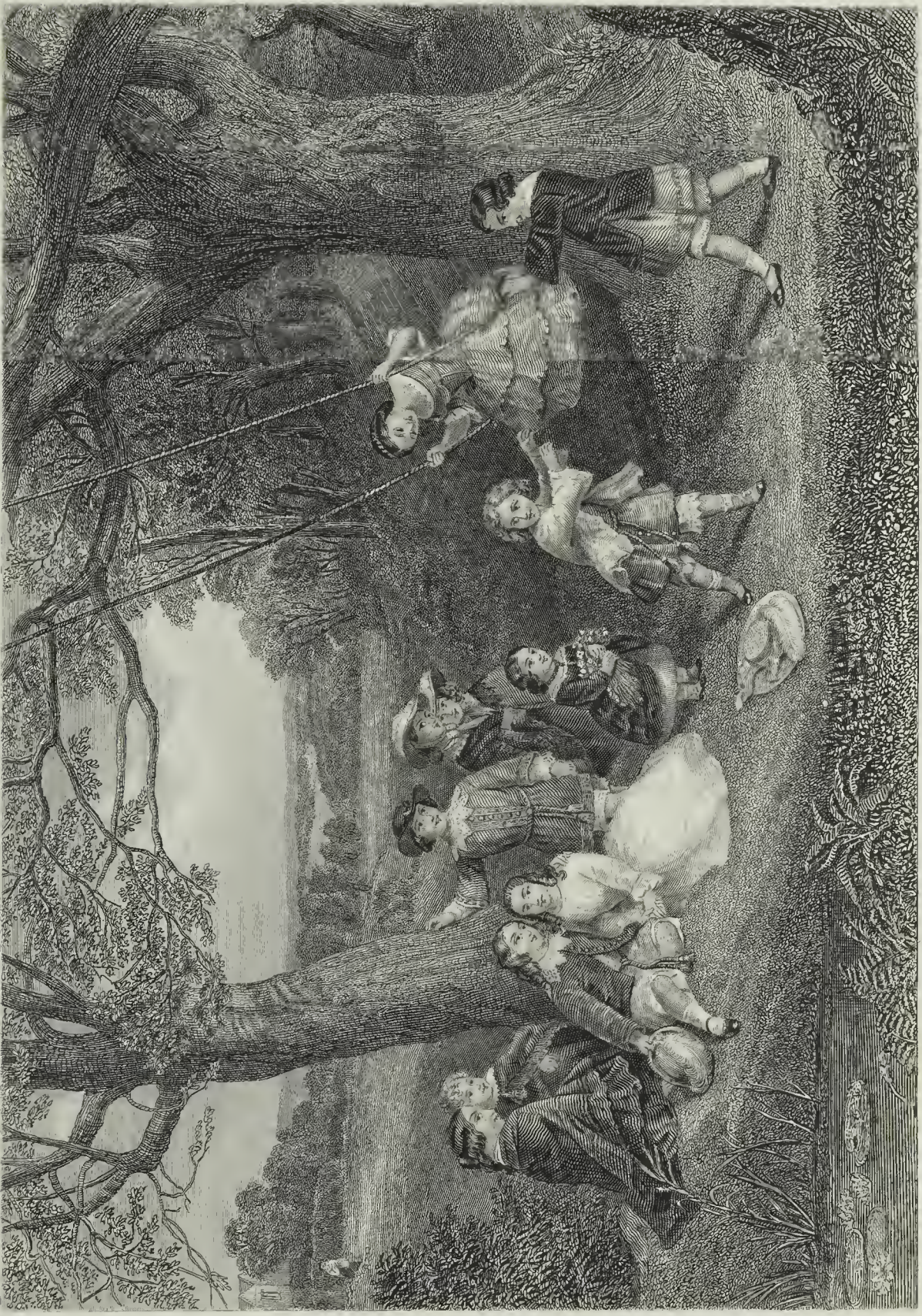
F. Goodall, Painter.

C. Robb, Engraver.



LÓVE to gaze on a scene like this,
Of wild and childish play ;
To think to myself that I am not old,
That my locks are not grown grey."—N. P. WILLIS

F. Goodall, born in 1822, early won distinction which he has fully maintained till the present time.



— 12 SW 11 —

SHAKSPEARE BEFORE SIR THOMAS LUCY.

(FOR POACHING.)

George Harvey, R. A., Painter.

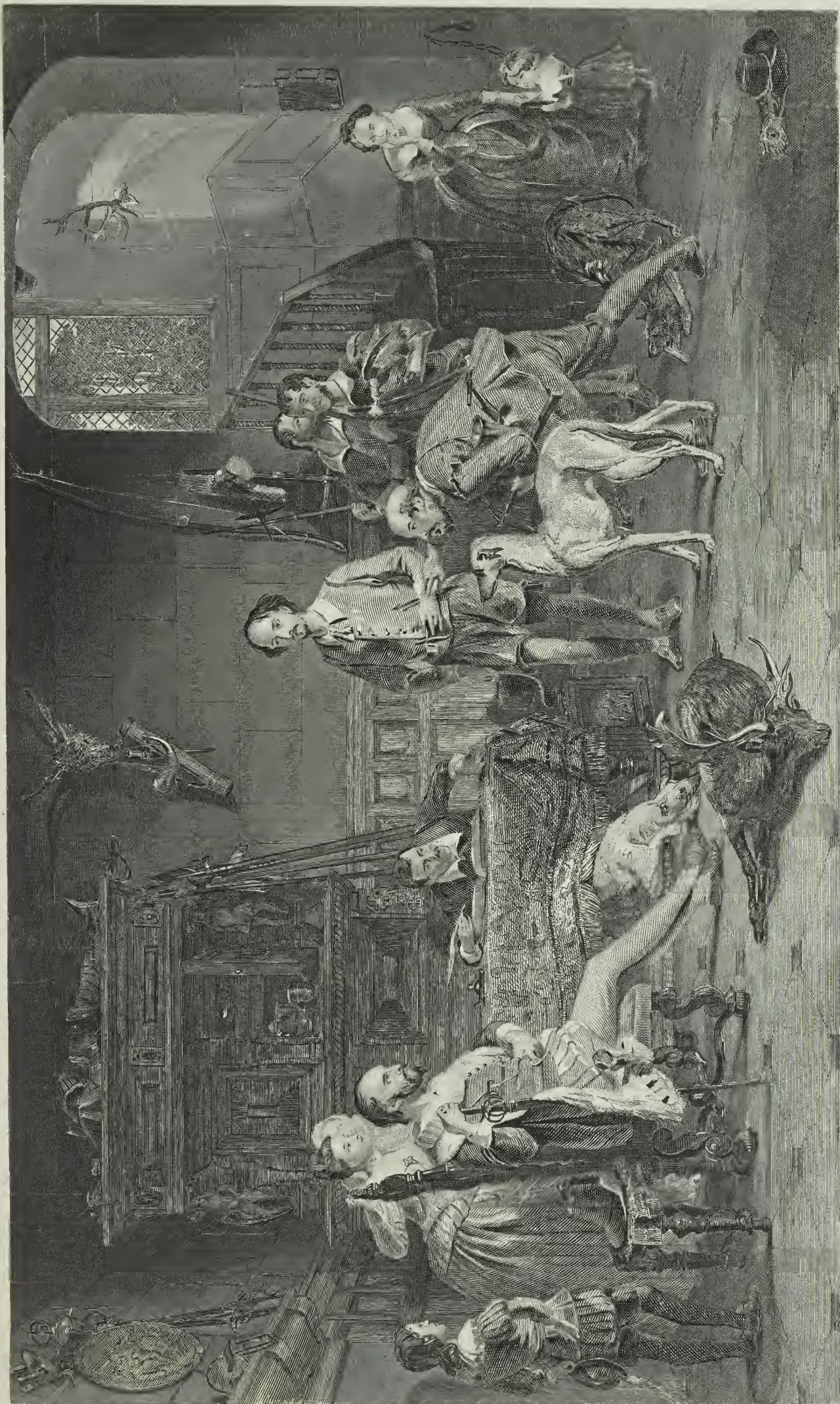
A. L. Dick, Engraver.



WE are informed by Rowe, that he had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad on him; and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, is lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London.

The detection of Shakspeare in his adventurous amusement, was followed, it is said, by confinement for a short time in the keeper's lodge, until the charge had been substantiated against him. A farm-house in the park, situated on a spot called Daisy Hill, is still pointed out as the very building which sheltered the delinquent on this unfortunate occasion.

George Harvey, born 1806, is a distinguished member of the Royal Scottish Academy.



SHAKESPEARE BEFORE SIR THOMAS LUCY.

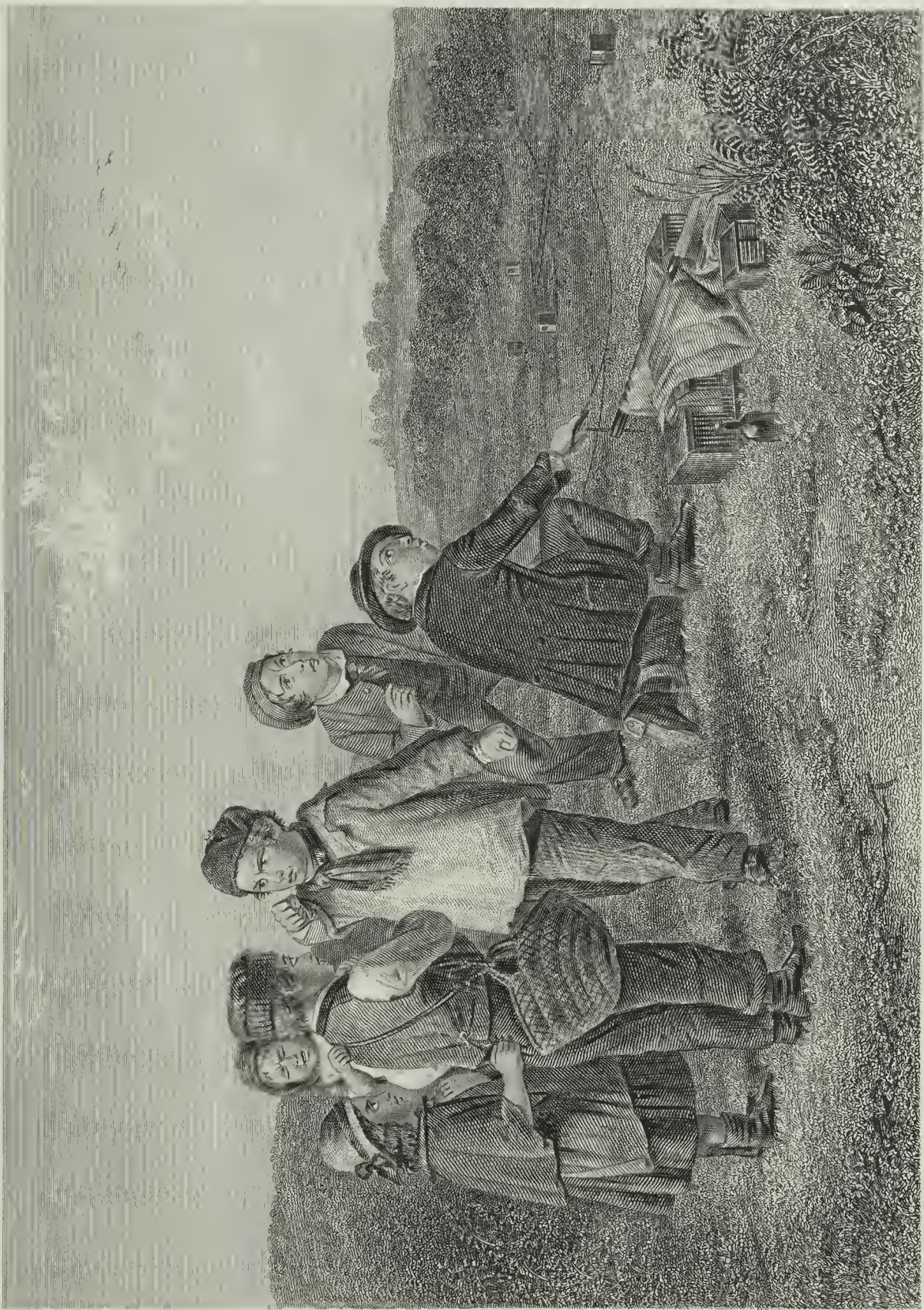
THE BIRD-CATCHERS.

W. Hemsley, Painter.

E. C. Brand, Engraver.

AT the very moment when quietness was most necessary, the baby, who had no sympathy with the bird-catchers, set up a most disastrous howl. The muttered threats and vengeful gestures of the young bully seem almost to have arrested the breathing of the two spectators; but independent babyhood is no respecter of persons, and continues undismayed to vent its dissatisfaction. The three larger boys are evidently partners in the sport, and their nets and decoys are cunningly arranged to entice and capture some feathered prize. Some birds are approaching, and with rustic skill one of the boys is whistling a call, while the other is watching with intense earnestness the approach of the game. It is an anxious moment, when the sudden outcry of the infant threatens to defeat everything.

The broad open landscape, under the bright atmosphere of a summer day, is also admirably rendered. Mr. Hemsley, who is classed among "subject painters," has produced a number of pleasantly humorous works, similar in character and treatment to the annexed.



ELOPEMENT OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

Painted by J. R. Herbert.

Engraved by E. G. Dunnel.



HIS picture is founded on an Italian tradition, on which Lady Lytton (the wife of the great novelist) has written a novel. Bianca Capello was the wife of Cosmos I., Duke of Milan, of the family of the Medici, and eloped with a gentleman of her husband's court, about the year 1560; they were followed and both were slain.

Some historians say she was the mistress, not the wife of Cosmos I. However, in one thing all are agreed, that she was a woman of surpassing beauty.

John Robert Herbert, a distinguished English artist, was born 1810 and died in 1875.



ELOPEMENT OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

THE INN-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

Jno. F. Herring, Painter.

W. Wells, Engraver.



WHEN this picture was painted by Mr. Herring in 1848, the *Inn-Keeper's Daughter* had ceased to be the important personage in the social scale that she had been ten or twenty years before.

In the days of stage coaches, with their splendid teams, before railroads over-run the land, the inn-keeper's calling was lucrative and respectable.

But we do not know that these considerations bothered the artist in his choice of the subject before us.

Manly beauty and womanly grace are picturesque and admirable in any position of life, and although the hero of the picture is only an hostler, and the heroine—probably her father's bar maid, yet there is an atmosphere of purity and romance about them that could not be enhanced were they Lord Howard and Lady De Vere, respectively instead.

The huntsmen, inn, and the game-keeper and pointers, breathe the spirit of rural sport, and the whole of the picture is healthy and vigorous.

Herring and Landseer were England's best modern animal painters.

Herring was born 1795 and died 1865.



W. Wells Sculp.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

A PASSING CLOUD.

J. C. Hook, R. A., Painter.

J. Wells, Engraver.



H! how this Spring of Love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all her beauty to the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away."—SHAKESPEARE.

James Clark Hook, was born at Maidston, Kent, in 1809, and is one of the foremost of the Royal Academy.



C. Hook R.A. Pin.

A PASSING CLOUD.

THE PET OF THE COMMON.

J. C. Horslev, A.R.A., Painter.

M. Lemon, Engraver.



It cannot be a mere painter's fancy: Mr. Horsley must have seen some incident which gave rise to the picture, and, being in a humorous mood, probably, at the time, he determined to transfer the scene, or to adapt it to his canvas.

On the left side stands the village church, and on the opposite side is seen the roof of a farm-house, embowered in trees. The villagers have, of course, the right of free pasturage on the common, where a she-ass and her foal seem to have no small portion just now for their share. A sturdy young rustic—sent on an errand with his master's letter-bag and a basket of game—encounters the young donkey on his way, snatches it up, and bears it triumphantly to some children gathering wild flowers. It is safe to suppose this is not the first time the juvenile animal has been fondled in the arms of some ruddy-cheeked, white-frocked nurse, and the little girls seem quite at home with the "pet." At a short distance is the dam, braying vociferously after her offspring, as if her feelings were outraged by the indignity it suffers.



JEANIE MORRISON.

J. A. Houston, Painter.

A. Hume, Engraver.



R. HOUSTON has here illustrated a passage from the well-known poem by Motherwell.

“When both bent down o’er one broad page
With one book on our knee
Thy lips were on thy lesson,
But, my lesson was in thee ;
Remember how we hung our heads,
How cheek burnt red wi’ shame,
Whene’er the schule weans laughin’ said
We clèeked together hame.”

The landscape is Scottish, and the picture, representing the children “cleeking,” faithfully portrays the manners of Scotland in rural districts, fifty years ago.

Mr. Houston is a member of the Royal Scottish Academy of Scotland, and though young, born 1848, has already made his mark.



W. H. R. A. B. C.

JEANIE MORRISON.

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

W. H. Knight, Painter.

J. Sharpe, Engraver.



MALL matters are enough to break the dull monotony of village life, and to create an excitement quite disproportionate to the cause. As in the scene depicted by the artist, a window broken by a careless boy is sufficient excuse for a general suspension of business, until the event has been duly canvassed, and the culprit detected. It was the window of the village shoemaker which the ill-directed stone has broken, and the irate proprietor has rushed from his bench and laid violent hands on two of the supposed offenders. The smaller of the two—though doubtless accessory—tremblingly protests his innocence; the other, with more effrontery, boldly denies his guilt, while he dexterously drops the fatal sling with which the act was evidently committed.

William Henry Knight was born at Newbury, Berkshire, one of the most beautiful of the midland counties of England, in September, 1823. His father was a school-master, and young Knight was intended for the legal profession, and was for a short time a student in a lawyer's office. His strong love for drawing, however, led him to neglect his legal studies, and encouraged by the admission of two pictures to the exhibition of the Society of British Artists, Knight forsook the law, and settled in London, where for a time he managed to earn a bare subsistence as a portrait painter. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1846, and from that time until his death in 1863, was a regular contributor.



THE COURTNEY WINDOW

MATHEMATICAL ABSTRACTION.

Theodore Lane, Painter.

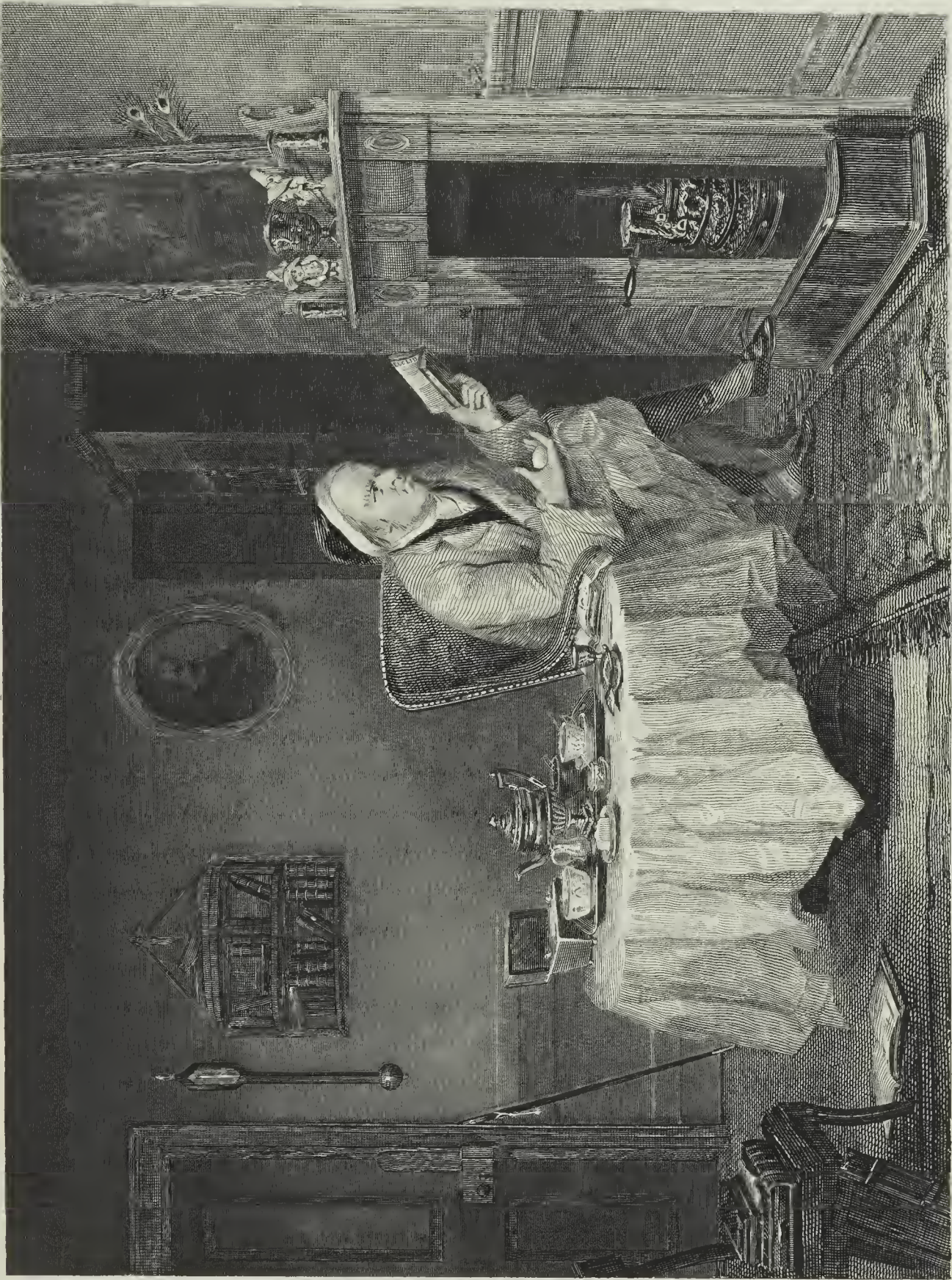
A. L. Dick, Engraver.



SOMEWHAT sad interest is attached to this picture from the fact that it was first engraved and published for the benefit of the artist's family, who were left in destitute circumstances by his sudden death in 1828, at the age of forty-five.

The "*Enthusiast*," and "*Mathematical Abstraction*," were probably the last pictures painted by him, others of a like kind had been received with equal favour, and had his career been prolonged there is no doubt he would have attained eminence equal to that of Wilkie or Collins.

The old man has become so absorbed in his mathematical book, that his neglected breakfast is getting cold, and the egg which he handles might as well be a stone, for any chance that it has of being eaten, till the problem is unravelled which now absorbs his attention.



MATHEMATICAL ABSTRACTION

THE FIRST BREAK IN THE FAMILY.

James E. Lauder, Painter.

R. Palmer, Engraver.



EVERYBODY who has read the exquisite poem of Mrs. Hemans, "The Graves of a Household," of which the first verse runs,

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mountain, stream, and sea,"

must feel the sad sentiment of the picture before us. The first bird leaves the parent nest, the first adventurer goes forth into the great world, to do battle with fortune, and who shall tell what his future will be? But, worst of all, the family circle, heretofore unbroken, is now disjointed; and the inevitable next and next will go forth, till the whole is dissolved. The scene is a farm-house, in one of the moorland districts of Scotland, and is a faithful picture.

James Eckford Lauder, was born in Scotland in 1810 and died 1869.



MRS. BROWN'S MILK.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY AT CHURCH.

C. R. Leslie, Painter.

A. L. Dick, Engraver.



LESLIE painted this picture in the perfection of his powers; it is illustrative of the following passage from Addison's "Spectator."

"As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then asks how such a one's wife and mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at Church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent."

Charles R. Leslie was born in London, 1794, and died 1859. His parents were Americans, and removed to Philadelphia, shortly after his birth, where he was educated till he went to reside in England.



SIR ROGER DE COVERLY GOING TO CHURCH.

THE GRAVE-DIGGERS.

L. Liversegge, Painter.

E. Hobart, Engraver.



LIVERSEGGE was born in London, 1803, and died in the year 1832.

SHAKSPEARE'S HAMLET. *Act V., Scene 1.*

"1st Clown. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

"2d Clown. The gallows maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

"1st Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill, to say that the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come!

"2d Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

"1st Clown. Ay, tell me that and unyoke.

"2d Clown. Marry, now I can tell.

"1st Clown. To't.

"2d Clown. Mass, I cannot tell.

"1st Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-digger. The houses that he makes last till doomsday."



THE GRAVE DIGGERS.

CROMWELL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Charles Lucy, R. A., Painter.

Jas. Heath, Engraver.



ROMWELL'S great affection for his favorite daughter, Lady Claypole, is matter of history. She died at Hampton Court in 1659, and her father died the succeeding year.

The scene requires no comment. She knew that she was dying, and her farewell words to her distinguished father, whom she loved with extraordinary affection, and whose affection was equal to her own, are rendered with a touching truthfulness which is unsurpassable.

Charles Lucy was born in Nottingham in 1820 and died in London, 1875.



Chas. May Pinx

Ja. Heath Sc

CROMWELL'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIS FAVORITE DAUGHTER.

PREPARING MOSES FOR THE FAIR.

D. Maclise, R. A., Painter.

R. Jones, Engraver.



AS the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, good luck, good luck, till we could see him no longer."—*Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."*

Daniel Maclise was born in Cork, Ireland, 1811, and died in London, 1870.



H. MacLise. Eng.

PREPARING MUSES FOR THE NIGHT

R. J. W. 3 ulp

THE BLIND PIPER.

J. Naysmyth, Painter.

E. Jog, Engraver.



NAYSMYTH has painted in "*The Blind Piper*," a picture from his native mountains of Scotland, which is truthful and pathetic. The barefooted daughter, carrying her blind father's bagpipes, guides him across the frail wooden bridge which spans the rocky chasm. The small dog, who stands with the daughter's bonnet in his mouth, has already safely crossed, and looks as intelligently anxious as a human being for the safety of his friends.

J. Naysmyth, the son of the celebrated portrait-painter of Edinburgh, has won an honorable place in the Royal Scottish Academy.



THE BLIND PIPER.

THE LOVE-TIFF.

G. S. Newton, R. A., Painter.

A. Lavey, Engraver.



QUARREL, very evidently. The sun will not always shine, and spring-shower-clouds will overcast and sprinkle, yet refresh, the fairest morning.

“Look abroad through nature’s range,
Nature’s mighty law is change.
Mark the seas and mark the skies,
Oceans ebb and oceans flow,
Sun and moon but set to rise, —
Round and round the seasons go.”

The young lady, though very unhappy, shows the first elements of reconciliation (she is crying), and the sturdy stride of the receding swain has an expression about the legs of “I’ll go back to her!” that needs no great penetration to see that “’tis only a passing shower.”

Gilbert Stuart Newton was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1794, and died in London in 1835.



THE LOVE TIFF

THE SLAVE AND HER SLAVE.

J. A. D. Ingres, Painter.

W. H. Mote, Engraver.

HER hair's long auburn waves, down to her heel,
Flowed like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal
Her person if allowed at large to run,
And still they seem resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught, began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft, and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife,
Too pure even for the purest human ties.

BYRON.



THE SLAVE AND HER SLAVE.

SPANISH BEAUTIES.

J. Phillip, Painter.

A. L. Dick, Engraver.



SAID that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—
A pretty town, I recollect it well—
'Tis there the mart of the colonial trade is,
(Or was, before Peru learned to rebel,)
And such sweet girls—I mean, such graceful ladies,
Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it; I never saw the like:

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
New broke, a camelopard, a gazelle,
No, none of these will do—and then their garb!
Their veil and petticoat; Alas! to dwell
Upon such things would very near absorb
A canto—then their feet and ankles,—well,
Thank Heaven, I've got no metaphor quite ready,
(And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be steady—

Chaste Muse!—well, if you must, you must)—the veil
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart. All sunny land
Of love! when I forget you, may I fail
To—say my prayers—but never was there plann'd
A dress through which the eyes give such a volley,
Excepting the Venitian Fazzioli.—*Byron.*

John Phillip, an eminent Scottish artist, was born in 1817, and died in London in 1867.



FRANCIS & CO. LONDON

ALBION 1850

SPANISH BEAUTIES.

A REST ON THE HILL.

F. R. Pickersgill, R. A., Painter.

L. Ridgway, Engraver.



THE incident which Mr. Pickersgill has chosen for the subject of his picture recommends itself by its perfect simplicity. The mother, doubly laden with her infant, and the basket filled with domestic supplies, is, we may imagine, returning from the market-town. The hill has been partially climbed, and she has paused for a few moments to rest on a convenient bank, under the shade of some trees. Her destination on the hill-top has been nearly reached; but a stile has yet to be crossed, and the remainder of the path leading to the cottage is steep. The infant lies crowing in its mother's lap, while she finds in the laughter of her child a music which beguiles her of her weariness. The details of the composition are cleverly managed, and the spectator has no difficulty in catching the idea which the artist intended to convey.

Frederick Richard Pickersgill, R. A., was born in London in 1820. After several minor successes, his picture of "The Burial of Harold," which he exhibited in 1847, brought him prominently before the public as one of the most promising artists of the time. The picture was bought by the Nation for the Houses of Parliament, and the career of the painter has since been all that was predicted. He was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in the year just mentioned, and in 1857 obtained the full rank of Academician.



THE NEST ON THE HILL.

ACCIDENT OR DESIGN.

G. Pope, Painter.

J. Sharpe, Engraver.



NO very difficult question to answer, it might be thought. The book which the youth carries is doubtless very interesting, but at this moment he seems to have found a more pleasant object of attention. There is also a strong probability that the lady's sketch will not be finished very speedily, for she must find it exceedingly difficult to copy trees, when she dare not raise her eyes to look at them, lest she encounter something that does not belong to the vegetable kingdom. There is ample room for two persons on the bench she occupies, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that before long the youth will be seated beside her, and book and sketch both utterly discarded for the time. It is a prettily conceived idea, and in spite of some stiffness and mannerism in the figures, is very well carried out. The costumes afford the artist some room for the display of his ability as a colorist, while the background of the picture is filled in with a very charming sample of tree and landscape painting. The latter is perhaps the best part of the work, and certainly shows a very large amount of care and taste on the part of the artist. The dress of the lady, also, shows much study and conscientious work, which is a very promising sign in a young painter.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1871, where by its happy conception and very careful treatment it became a great favorite with the throngs of visitors.



J Sharpe Sculp

ACCIDENT OR DESIGN

EXTERIOR GALLERY OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

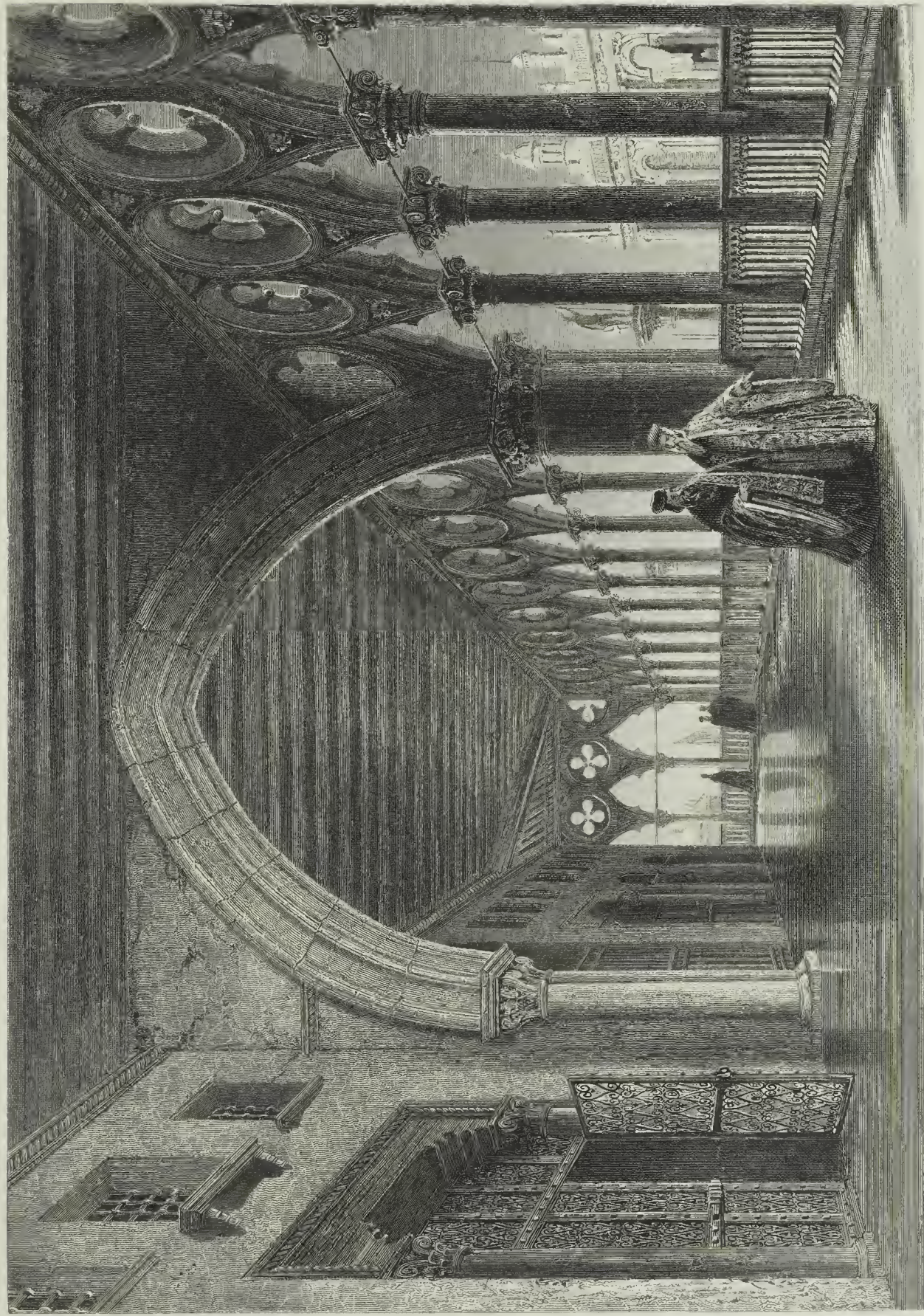
David Roberts, R. A., Painter.

E Doo, Engraver.

ROBERTS, originally a scene painter with Stanfield, rose, by pure force of genius, to the foremost rank in English art. He died in 1864, aged sixty-eight years.

The mastery of Roberts' perspective was never more strikingly illustrated than in the present picture. The magnificent corridors of the Ducal Palace of Venice, with the dancing waters of the Adriatic showing between the pillared spaces, make an effect artistically beautiful and perfect.

The two figures introduced in the costume of Venetian Senators, aid the effect.



D Roberts RA Pinx

E Doo Sculp

RECEPTION GALLERY OF THE DUCAL PALACE.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

A. Solomon, Painter.

J. Rae, Engraver.



SOLOMON has placed before us with great force and dramatic effect one of those everyday spectacles which unfortunately may be witnessed in any town or city in civilization.

Guilty or unfortunate, some one has fallen into the hands of justice, the trial has passed, counsel for the prosecution and the defence have addressed the jury, the judge has summed up and the friends of the prisoner are *waiting for the verdict*.

In the picture before us the central figure is the wife of the prisoner, (we see no prisoner, but we know it is the husband of that agonized woman in the foreground of the picture) who is in the hands of the jury, and her mother (we are certain that it is her mother also, because had it been the prisoner's mother there, her grief would have been more apparent), who is holding the poor unconscious child; the infant of the prisoner, who, happily, unaware of the peril of its father, wants to play or prattle with its poor distracted mother.

The old man, the father of the prisoner, with head bowed down and thoughts too painful to witness, awaits the verdict, and even the poor, grey, dumb dog, sympathizing with his master, works the spectator up to unquestioning hope, that the verdict may be *not guilty*.

The costume of the lawyers would indicate an English court of Assize.

Mr. Solomon, of Hebrew descent, was born in London in 1824 and died in 1862.



WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

F. P. Stephanoff, Painter.

W. Wellstood, Engraver.



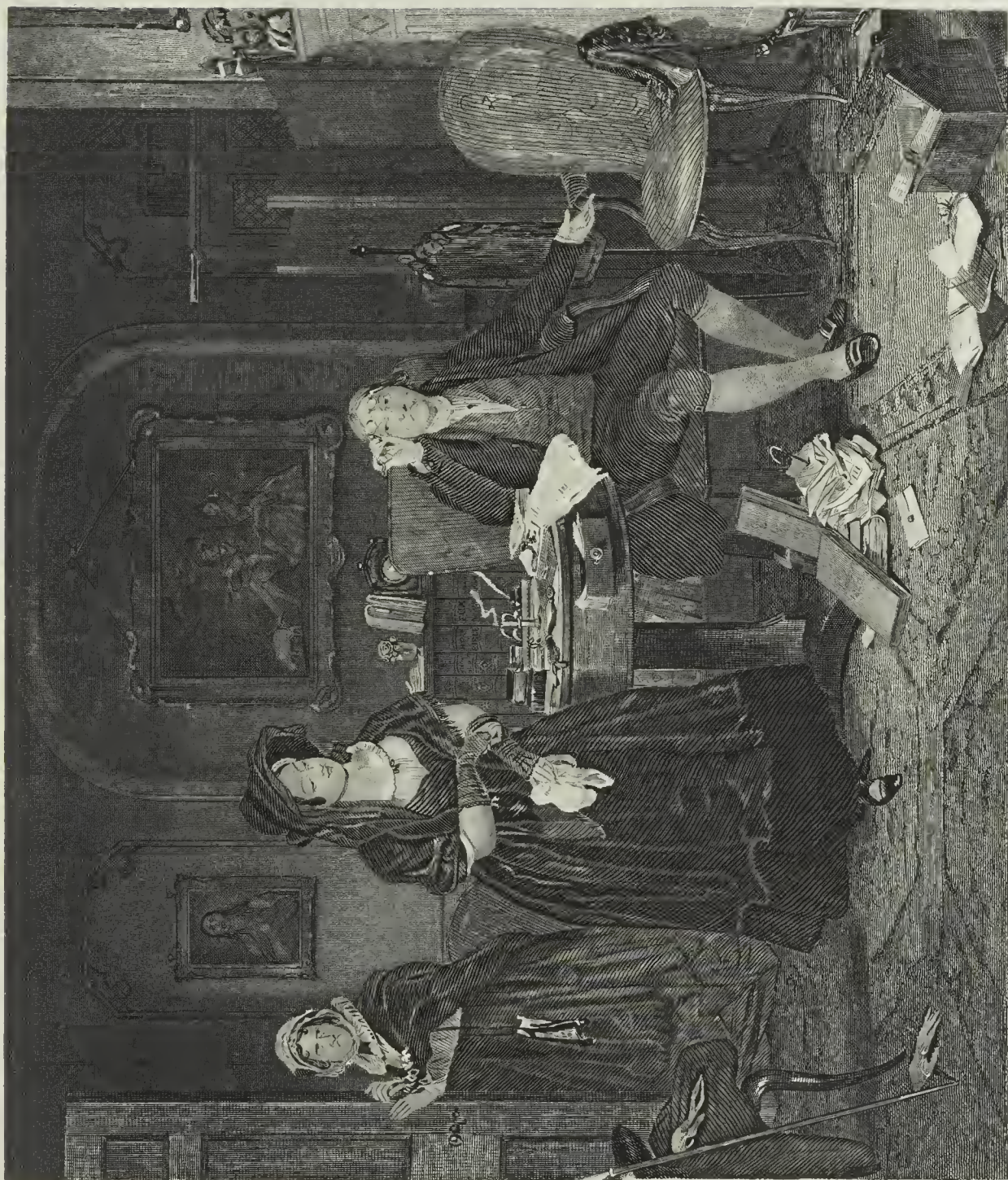
CHANGES in any settled situation are *wrenches*, and none more so than in domestic relations.

An old gentleman, easy in circumstances, has had occasion to change his housekeeper, who has been his *bête noire* these many years ; just fancy the tyranny he endured too long, and the chagrin in the scowl of the supplanted dame.

The incoming domestic ; younger, pleasanter undoubtedly, and otherwise more attractive certainly than her predecessor, is invited to a chair by her new master, there to be told what are her duties, the keys delivered to her charge, and regularly installed in the new trust.

But who will dare meet the displaced incumbent, who can fully comprehend the lines in her face ? Disappointment, hatred, envy, jealousy, "anger and all uncharitableness," are pictured there with a masterly hand. We feel that the old gentleman has got rid of a dangerous companion.

Francis Phillip Stephanoff was born in London in 1788 and died 1860.



W. WILKINSON

FRANCIS, ENGRAVER

THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO."

Frank Stone, Painter.

A. R. West, Sculptor.



GROUP of merry Scotch lasses, seated on their native moorland heather, are evidently concocting some notable plan of mischief. Whether it be to put the tongs in some lad's bed, send him on a fool's errand, or some other delightful, fun-provoking project, we can hardly guess, but the artist has caught the mischief-look on the faces of the pretty rogues, at the very moment the ring-leader has announced, "I'll tell you what we'll do."

Frank Stone, who was remarkably successful in the treatment of these phases of every-day home humour, was born at Manchester, in 1800, and died in 1859. His chief pictures were, "*The First Appeal*," "*The Last Appeal*," "*Impending Mate*," and "*Mated*," all well known by engravings.



A. R. WOOD & SONS

London

THE CONSPIRATORS

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

E. W. M. Ward, R. A., Painter.

Jno. Wells, Engraver.



HIS picture, which graced the English section of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, is illustrative of a passage in the French Revolution of 1793.

The Princess Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette, shared with her parents the downfall of the monarchy, and was subjected to imprisonment and indignity.

The scene which the artist has chosen is from a passage in her memoirs written by herself when Duchess of Angoulême. "For my own part, I only asked for the simple necessities of life, and these they often refused me with asperity. I was, however, enabled to keep myself clean. I had at least soap and water, and I swept out my room every day."

The spirit that brought the heads of the Royal family of France under the guillotine was not wanting to subject the children to the same shameful death, but it was restrained by events which rendered the ruling extremists powerless, and in the restoration of order, under the consulate, they regained their liberty, and ultimately were restored to their royal position and possessions.

E. W. M. Ward, one of the foremost painters of the day, was born in England, 1816, and died there in 1879.



M. Ward Pinx

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

THE CONVALESCENT.

T. Webster, R. A., Painter.

A. L. Dick, Engraver.



THE delicate handling of this painting must awaken a feeling of sympathy in every beholder. The sick maiden has been brought from her chamber to the open sunshine at the cottage-door; and an accidentally passing organ-grinder is playing his Italian organ, to the music of which two younger children are dancing. There is a sentiment of the kindest motherly love in this picture which will keep it always a favourite.

Thomas Webster was born in England 1800, and died 1872.



THE CONVALESCENT

THE FIRST EAR-RING.

Sir David Wilkie, R. A., Painter.

A. L. Dick, Engraver.



LITTLE girl, at that age when personal vanity begins to develop in the sex, is about to undergo the half-dreadful, half-delightful operation of fixing her first Ear-ring. There is a struggle between alarm at the expected pain, which is magnified by imagination, and the anticipated delight of becoming like mamma—of emerging from childhood, and putting on the airs and adornments of a little lady in her teens. The calm, complacent look of the mother, smiling at the short-lived apprehensions of the child, and the quick, eager expression of the dexterous operator, are well represented. Wilkie thoroughly understood the great art of contrasted expression.

This picture was first exhibited by Sir David Wilkie at the Royal Academy in 1834. The subject, trivial in itself, is well calculated to display the skill of the painter. The general style is exceedingly ornate, the costumes are rich, the background and accessories elaborate, affording much scope for colour and handling.

We must not forget to notice the dog, decorated in all the pride of a pet poodle. He lifts a paw to his ear with sympathetic movements, as if he also felt the piercer.

Sir David Wilkie was born in Scotland in 1785, and died on board ship off Malta, where he was buried in 1841.



THE FIRST EAR RING.

